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ON THE
PRESERVATION OF PICTURES
PAINTED IN OIL COLOURS.PRINCIPALLY IN REFERENCE TO VARNISHING, AND ON
EFFECTUALLY PREVENTING THE "CRACK."

BY J. B. PYNE.

INTRODUCTION.



HE principal, if not the only motive, which has operated in determining the writer of the following article to make it public, is the frequent appearance of the "crack" in modern pictures. This has caused him continuous regret, felt with different degrees of intensity from the first year of his novitiate to the present time, and during which period he has witnessed some serious as well as ridiculous instances of this unfortunately very general blemish. In some instances, and in compositions consisting of small figures, a deep and ragged rut has traversed whole lines of faces, the features of which have been so small, and the fracture so wide, as to perfectly dissociate mouths from noses, noses from eyes, and eyes from each other, separating their upper from their lower portions, and otherwise affecting to different extents the minor passages of the picture. One of the most noted instances, and one well known to the members of the profession, occurred in a portrait the size of life, in which an eye had descended from its orbit and continued its roving propensity until it fairly lodged itself in ridiculous proximity with the corner of the mouth. This picture was at the time undergoing exposition at Somerset House, the former gallery of the Royal Academy, and the accident which furnished so much merriment to the public was incontestably due to the use of one of the most mischievous materials ever introduced to the executive of the art—wax!

Now had this picture been prematurely varnished, that is, varnished previously to consigning it to an exhibition, the eye had kept its original place, the public had been deprived of a laugh, and the picture had merely submitted to the "crack."

The space of an article of this description does not allow (even if the statement would be read) of an enumeration of all the instances of this character occurring in the experience of the whole life of a painter. A fair use of a pair of good eyes, with an average amount of solicitude for the affairs of Art generally, will enable any reader to exculpate the writer from any attempt at exaggeration, although he has selected one

very extraordinary case, and such a case as would not require the aid of prophecy to predict an ultimate extraordinary and handsome instance of cracking.

It is in cabinet-sized pictures that the mischief of cracking becomes most apparent, and for the reason, that to see a cabinet or easel picture a close proximity must be taken. Here all the *bizarrie* of the blemish, the wreck of the work, is obtruded on the spectator; while in large canvases the mischief, though present, is comparatively unseen; as to enjoy a comprehensive view of the picture a distance must necessarily be taken which precludes the discovery. Here is another point which becomes worth observation. A moderate crack on a large work (being in about the proportion of a "snip" to a small one) conduces in some measure to its improvement. The minute and sharply-defined "snip" on a small or moderate-sized picture is universally allowed to be a great ornament, augmenting the clearness of its colouring just as much as the snipped porcelain acquires an additional clearness in the exact proportion of its minuteness and its sharpness. This single characteristic is a sure warranty for the soundness of the process used in the production of cabinet pictures by most of the old masters, and proves the healthy and vigorous condition of the work, much in the same manner as the ruddy and streaked cheeks of an old man indicate his hale and sound constitution.

In pictures, it is only when degenerating into the slovenly and ragged channel or crack, that the defect becomes objectionable and challenges the irritable criticism of the connoisseur, who may be thoroughly aware at the same time, as regards a modern painting, that there exists no possible necessity either to paint it in such a manner, or to leave it in such a state, as to suffer from cracking, or to be at all injured by varnish, which last is both intended and calculated most materially to preserve it.

If it may be allowed that the pictures of the present day show less disposition to crack than those of from thirty to one hundred years back—it is attributable to the almost universal terror of varnish, which has led many to eschew it altogether. Turner's directions were, "Never varnish my pictures," and other artists still defer the operation for many years. Many of the pictures sent to the late Great Exhibition at Manchester were thus refused the advantages of varnish until from their dry, meagre, and impoverished appearance varnish was found an indispensable concomitant to their exhibition. The consequent breaking up on that occasion of so many of the works exhibited, proves, that dry and impoverished as they were, they were still unfit to receive varnish, and would perhaps (as Turner considered his own works) never bear it without imminent danger under frequent and sudden changes of temperature.

It is this state of things which from early life up to the present moment had determined the writer to fathom the depth of these disasters, and, at the same time, enable him, with his *colaborateurs*, to escape them in future. It is found to be the simplest thing in the world; and it is saying very little to state, that from about the sixth year of his practice up to 1863, he has not had to regret the cracking of one single picture, except as regards about half a dozen, on which memoranda were entered, with an appended query as to whether, in the experimental portion of the pictures, they would crack. Thus, then, and from these motives alone, he would offer to the profession and the public the experience of his forty-two years' endeavours to avoid the "crack" in

pictures. He is at the same time perfectly aware that among the profession many will implore to be let alone, and to be allowed to fight their own battles in their own way, and to take their own time about it, without intervention. But he also feels that there exist opposite interests, and that the public who pay sums of money for the pictures produced under this liberal non-intervention principle—from five pounds to six thousand pounds sterling—have an incontestable right to expect, at least, that the pictures themselves be made moderately durable. It is thus, then, that he breaks through the otherwise salutary rule of non-intervention, on a perfectly exceptional point for his basis, with the hope that some adept in chemistry may take up the project, and dissipate the possible errors of one whose "one book" does not necessarily include chemistry.

There is so much difference of opinion in existence on the subject of varnishing or not varnishing pictures, as a means of promoting their durability, and, at the same time, so much difference, as a pure matter of taste, as to whether a work be or be not improved in appearance by the presence of a varnished surface, that it becomes quite essential to have some certain and reliable grounds to guide our taste in one case and our policy in the other. There is on this, as on nearly every other subject, no one general rule without its exceptions, and which may be equally applicable in all cases, and it will be easy to make this apparent to the average understanding by enumerating some few cases that bear on the subject.

Every painter should know whether his picture has or has not constitutional merits equal to the bearing of varnish, and also at what distance of time from the date of its completion it may admit of its application. He should also have the common honesty to declare it to the first purchaser. Turner had this honesty, and at once dissuaded the holders of his works generally from varnishing them at all. It may be said that Turner's palette, as well as his capricious execution, were sufficiently exceptional to render this dissuasive absolutely necessary. True; but unfortunately many others have been proved to be equally profligate, though less honest. Most persons imagine that at "a certain age," say a year, any picture may be varnished with perfect safety. This is not, however, though it should be, the case. One picture may be ripe for varnishing in a year from its completion, and it ought to be so with all; yet such is the carelessness with which many, if not most, works are conducted, and such the inattention to what may be called intercleaning in the course of execution, that no specific time may be named at which varnish might be applied without the risk of causing the pictures to crack. The late extensive exhibition of modern pictures in Manchester, and the very recent International Collection in London, have shown abundant proofs that there is no time to be named at which, as a general rule, a picture can be varnished with safety, and that it must depend entirely on the construction of the work and the materials used—whether it has or has not been submitted in the course of its being painted to continual intercleanings. If a picture has been scrupulously intercleaned before every day's repainting, so as to effectually remove the oleic skin constantly depositing between the time of the first coat up to that of the ultimate finish, a simply painted picture would be thoroughly ripe for the reception of varnish in about six months from its completion, if not less. If the painting be of complicated structure, with numerous repaintings, and occasional changes of vehicle,

it may, with the necessary intercleanings, and occasional cleanings after completion, be still fit for the reception of varnish in twelve months from its completion. The best auxiliary for the absorption of any unremoved oleine, and for anticipating or hastening the ripe period, is "the transparent ground."

There is in the very nature of oil painting an absolute necessity for varnish, whether the pictures be or be not afterwards placed under glass. The pictures take some time to dry; after drying they take a much longer time to harden. By the time they are thoroughly dry and tolerably hard, they will have become what the painters call "sick at surface;" and this sickness at surface commences immediately after the last day's painting, and gradually and considerably increases up to about twelve months from the time of their being completed. The ultimate result is, that a work turned out from the easel fresh, brilliant, luminous, transparent, and forcible, subsides into a more or less universally dull, monotonous, and dry surface; the whole suffering to a certain extent, but the rich and transparently painted passages more so than those opaquely executed, and to the amount of say a hundred per cent., or in about the proportions of 1:2 between the transparent and opaque passages. This "sick at surface" characteristic of a new painting is a natural and inevitable result of painting in oil. It must occur to the fairest and most scrupulously and cunningly painted work. The oldest, and consequently hardest ground may have been selected to paint on, the purest oil and the finest colours used; but the Nemesis closely following the hours after the completion of a work condemns it to this "sick at surface" deterioration, as surely as the twelfth or eighteenth month comes round. There is no escape. What is the cure? Varnish! But not immediately, nor without preparation.

Nothing has been said in the last paragraph, and purposely, on any of the extraneous sources of a still greater deterioration operating through the medium of a charged atmosphere, and they are many. These ever-present sources of an extra deterioration of surface exist to a greater or less extent all over the world, even in the comparatively fireless Italy. Indeed, the hotter and dryer the climate, the greater is the quantity of one class of deteriorants that infest the atmosphere, and attach their smallest particles in large quantities to a picture surface, which holds a tack sufficiently strong to attach them, so long as there remains any power in the picture to exude the oleine, the expulsion of which, both by the pressure attaching to the action of attraction by cohesion, as well as that of atmospheric pressure—the last of itself, being more precisely measurable, amounting to one ton per square foot. To form some proximate idea of the amount and nature of this deteriorant, let your servant omit, for one morning only, to dust and wipe the furniture, the within-reach mouldings, projections, and the heads of low picture frames, and it will at once excuse the amount of importance assigned to this heterogeneous picture veil. But add to it the circumstance of perhaps living in a cold climate, and burning coal fires, and a very natural surprise will be felt that any picture in its first year's soft condition should be able to escape without a total eclipse.

Have still a little more patience to read another paragraph before quitting this subject, and at the end of it the mind in retrospect will be able to take in at a glance the maximum of adverse influences which civilisation itself exerts in a war against one of her civilisers. Imagine yourself and your pictures in not only a coal-burning country,

where laws are instituted against smoke, but in Manchester or London, the one a huge carnival of tall chimneys, and the other a huger carnival of short ones, from whence people escape into the country smelling of soot; where soot itself forms a common though latent staple; where you eat soot, drink soot, and wear soot, and the occupants of which, in common with the poor negro, might be called a "sooty race." While in either of these cities, examine your drawing-room mirror, which, if not cleaned during the last fortnight or month, will be found veiled with an opaque film not at all easy to remove, from the fact that the first deposit was coal-tar, and the immediate surface room-dust. If this be the case—or, I should rather say, as this is the case—with so admirably hard and polished a surface as a mirror, what may be expected of a new and unvarnished picture, with a surface continually receiving and attaching fresh supplies of the permanently undrying oleine, the material of all others most calculated to receive and permanently attach the myriads of fugitive particles wafted to it?

These, then, are what may be called both the natural and artificial influences which operate as a temporary deterioration and veiling of the surface of the fairest and soundest painted picture. A collector may well be excused for wishing, though prematurely, for the varnishing day to arrive, in order to clear the face of his favourite from the haze and mist under which it is half lost to him. He has, perhaps, waited the full twelve months without venturing to do more than fan the picture with a handkerchief, or dust it with a brush of peacock's feathers. Instead of which, it had better have been thoroughly washed once a week during its invalidship, with pure warm soft water, and afterwards well rubbed to dryness with a soft linen cloth, preparatory to a much brisker, or rather a much heavier, rubbing with chamois leather, so as first to disturb and then pull off, an invisible pellicle of tough oleine, constantly accumulating on the surface of all oil-painted works, during the first or second year from the time of their completion.

To demonstrate clearly the necessity of this treatment, and a much more serious and complete removal of this oleic skin previously to varnishing, it will be requisite to trench a little into the province of painting, a subject more completely handled in another paper, under the title of "The Palette made Easy," by the same writer.

How far it may be requisite for an amateur or collector to educate himself, the one for the occasional production of a work, and the other for the permanent possession of the works of others, may be a question. That, however, the painter of the nineteenth century does not commence his education at the right end is beyond all doubt. His matriculation should be in an indenture of apprenticeship to a house painter. His graduateship should be the result of the knowledge of the material, which knowledge may be acquired as well in seven weeks or seven months as in seven years. Thus an historical or landscape painter should also by implication be a first-rate house painter, as the greater should contain the lesser. That this healthy preparation does not take place, and that no equivalent substitute is resorted to, take the following passage from a conversation on the subject of vehicles, held between the late Sir David Wilkie and another painter of great eminence still living. Sir David said, "They call it oil painting, do they not?" "Certainly," replied his friend. "Then," rejoined Wilkie, "the more oil you use the better." If men of this high stamp commit errors, or even entertain errors of this description, what may

not be expected from men of less general attainments!

It is impossible to a man of an honourable mind not to feel some little anxiety as to the permanence of that state in which he bids adieu to a picture, and delivers it into the hands of a collector, in return for a certain consideration. He must feel some degree of responsibility, and that such responsibility increases in the exact ratio of his increasing reputation. Should he, therefore, neglect or refuse to prepare himself to meet it, he must submit to see his otherwise fairest creations, those which he might justly (as works of invention) consider as his gold, transmuted to lead; firstly, from their material constitution, and ultimately by the ignorance, necessities, false taste, and presumption of an uninformed picture mender. Many of Turner's finest productions have already undergone this humiliating transformation, and are now, both in appearance and value, more like the last-mentioned base metal than gold.

The real business, however, is, at present, not so much to indulge in regrets as to what has occurred, as of securing for still unvarnished works all the chances of permanence that may be yet possible to them; for it is not time alone that will fit some paintings for receiving varnish. To do this, and, at the same time, give a fair opportunity for the mind of the varnisher to become thoroughly convinced of its necessity, it will be first requisite to put in a clear and distinct light the nature of the materials used in the production of a work in oil, the process of their drying, and the changes operated on them chemically and mechanically in acquiring by these means their ultimate and permanent condition. Without this would be to ask perfect acquiescence in a mere dictum, a thing not to be expected by the most egotistic reformer in this age of free trade in everything.

First of all, an oil painting, though generally considered to be so, has no more pretension to be considered homogeneous than is furnished by the fact of all the pigments being prepared in oil, the oils themselves varying to a considerable extent, and the comparatively solid pigments varying even more than the oils. It must be taken into account here that all the pigments under admixture with water dry equally well in that material alone. Immediately on the introduction of oil, however, every individual pigment assumes a different character, some few drying readily in as little as eleven hours, and some few absolutely refusing ever to dry, while others require so long a time to dry, that they spoil under atmospheric impurities before arriving at the drying point.

The oils which operate all this disturbance in the drying of pigments have a common constituency of oleine, sometimes glycerine, wax, resin, and other substances either liquid or solid, in too small proportions to be entered as calculable constituents. Our present business lies with the presence of the oleine. It is the one substance only with which we have to do battle, although it is, at the same time, the one indispensable material to the constitution of oils in their liquidity; the ladder, in fact, without which a liquid oil had never been attained, and no one had ever been an oil painter, but which as necessarily must be kicked away as soon as possible after doing this service. Sugar of lead is found to be the best suited substance for this ungrateful task, and which, by increasing the cohesive attraction between the more solid constituents of the oil and the pigment, together with atmospheric pressure, effects a displacement, and ultimately a dislodgement of the fluid, subtle, and permanently undrying oleine, accompanied by a portion of the semi-friendly stearine; the stearine, having far less solidity

than either resin or the particles of pigment, suffering itself to be carried along with the freer current of the oleine to the surface, and there forming a constantly increasing deposit of a semi-oleic and stearic character.

About twelve months are considered equal to exhausting the supply of oleine in ordinary cases; about which time the picture becomes what may be called soundly dry, and fit to receive a varnish without injury to its future state, provided that, previously to varnishing, the oleic surface be first completely removed. In order that this be perfectly done, it should be placed in the hands of an intelligent painter of great experience, and remain there from a fortnight to three weeks. In this time his business should be to first of all thoroughly wash it with a sponge and hot water. The water should be soft, though not made so by the use of any alkali, and of a sufficient heat to give the hand used great inconvenience or pain in continuing its immersion. This will materially induce the oleine and stearine to liquify or soften, and enable it to undergo removal without disturbing the picture surface, which will be in a much sounder and harder state than the oleic surface itself. Dredge on to the wet surface, while at its greatest heat, a mixture of one-third fine pumice dust or pumice flour, and two-thirds of fine oatmeal, intimately mixed, in sufficient quantity to gently cover the picture surface, but not quite obscure it. Let it remain on the surface until the water shall have cooled down to about 80° Fahr. The object of dredging on the pumice mixture while the picture is still hot is, that the sharper and harder particles of pumice shall have an opportunity of inextricably bedding themselves in the oleic pellicle during its softened and unresisting state, operated by the hot water. This, in ordinary cases, will have occurred to a sufficient extent by the time the water shall have cooled down to 80° Fahr.; then apply the sponge and water with a gentle friction during the space of about seven minutes for every square yard of canvas or picture surface. After this treatment wash off clean with water alone, constantly freeing the sponge from all impurities as the process continues. When the picture is perfectly cleansed by this mode, dredge on to it some pure oatmeal by itself; rub it gently on the surface by means of the same sponge, and put it by for about three or four days: this will give ample time to discuss the motives to this procedure, and put in a clear light its safety. Its safety will be sufficiently indicated by this fact, as regards the different states of a picture at different stages of its existence. Its first state is dry, but tender; second, tough; third, tough and hard; fourth, still harder, but no longer tough; and the fifth, brittle. During the first period the state of a picture is analogous with that of lead or copper, in its relation to metals; its particles may be easily displaced, though difficult to detach. As a general rule, the newer a work the tougher it will be, the more adapted to receive friction without injury, and the less adapted to receive a solvent, such as soap, alkalies, essential oils, spirits of wine, &c. On the other hand, the older a work, the harder or more brittle will it be, the less adapted to receive friction, and the more adapted to receive the action of a solvent.

These are the only motives for adopting friction for cleaning a new, and solvents for an old, picture, and quite apart from the hardness or softness of a varnish. If a picture a few years old has been varnished with copal, or with what may not be removed by friction, it will inevitably sustain great injury by the removal of the varnish. This is some-

times done by a rash repairer, but never without rendering necessary so extensive a repainting as seriously to affect the integrity of the work.

But to return to our picture recently laid under a coat of fine oatmeal. In applying this preparation in the manner directed, the motive for avoiding boiling water is, that this would make a paste of the oatmeal, and paste is capable of producing a crack, sometimes in an incredibly short time, and that the newer a painting be, the more susceptible is it to this injury. When, then, the picture has lain about four days under this preparation, wash it again in hot water, thoroughly clean the surface with a cooler one, and reapply the oatmeal in the same manner, and put it by for another four days. Repeat this process every alternate four days for about the space of a fortnight, at the end of which it will be found that the water, when even applied cold, will go over the surface easily without "cessing," which will be a proof in itself that the work may be varnished with safety. If, however, at the end of this time a picture pertinaciously ccess after the last or thorough washing, rest assured that no continuation of the process will be of any service. Hang it up again for more age; a six months added to the first twelve will, in all probability, enable it to present itself in quite another condition, while the process it has already undergone will have merely precipitated its perfect state, by opening the pores for the freer exit of the oleine, the presence of which at the expiration of the additional six months will be indicated by the violent cessing of the first water applied. Indeed, this action will be found to take place after three or four days; the opening of the pores, in consequence of the discipline it has undergone, would cause a much freer discharge of oleine to the surface, and cause a similar increase in the cessing. This is proved by the behaviour of a tolerably new work, on which it be intended to repaint. The surface cesses as a matter of course; but it being necessary to scrape down some particular part (perhaps for the introduction of a figure), the scraped part does not cess at all. An inexperienced person would say, "You go into the very body of the picture, into the actual reservoir of the oleine, where cessing might be expected to intervene with a vengeance!" But no such thing, and quite the contrary. Oil, and oil pigments, commence drying from the bottom or ground, and, like a healthy wound, heals as it proceeds; and the proof lies in the fact, that those scraped parts (provided the picture be not too new) never cess. This may be a circumstance very little known; but oil pigments commence attachment, or drying (which, if not identical, are strictly analogous), at some sound base, or at points furnished them by some purely unchemical molecules used in the pigment to procure firm drying, such as silice, glass, pumice, sand, and others more or less useful; glass of the character of that used for mirrors and all cut work answering every purpose, and being, from its soft nature, easily reduced to the state of a perfectly fine pigment between a porphyry slab and muller. It is, then, perfectly fair to assume that in six months half the depth of a fairly-painted picture in oil will be dry and freed from oleine, and that in twelve months (with an occasional cleaning either with pumice, pumice and oatmeal, or oatmeal alone) the remaining half will be soundly dry also, and fit to receive a varnish under the above management.

It is another perfect delusion to imagine that any particular temperature is required, in which to safely varnish a picture. It may

be conducted in the most perfectly efficient manner at any temperature ranging between 100 and short of the freezing point, under any amount of moisture short of a dense fog, where dew would be deposited in sufficient quantity to bead the varnish, and may be afterwards suspended to dry in a room full of washerwomen, in a carnival of suds and steam, without the least impediment to its perfect drying.

After a picture has been treated for varnishing strictly in accordance with the foregoing directions, or in any other manner and with any other materials conducing to the same end (the thorough removal at, or after, the proper time, of the superficial oleine), it may be varnished, with the most perfect certainty of immediately drying without any tack supervening. The varnish, again, may be thick or thin, old or new, or thinned by means of highly rectified turpentine, to the amount of at least 100 per cent. without causing any difference in the ultimate drying.

The following incident came within the early experience of the writer. A country gentleman and collector bought a figure picture, by Bird, of Bristol, and received injunctions not to have it varnished under twelve months. At the end of the stipulated time, a carver and gilder was sent for, who undertook to frame the picture—all very well and perfectly right; but, unfortunately, undertook also to varnish it (the work by this time having become very "sick at surface"). He very carefully washes the work with warm water, and at the same time, by the same process, removes the immediate superficial dust, at the improvement caused by which he feels very much delighted, contemplating with much equanimity similar pleasure in the purchaser, when he delivers the work. He then, after an over-scrupulous allowance of an hour to dry, and an equally over-scrupulous raising of the temperature of his room to 60° Fahr., varnishes, with a broad, thin, and very soft varnishing brush. (By-the-by, it is a very strange thing that up to the present day, which is erroneously considered to be an essentially practical one, all varnish brushes are made of a soft and, consequently, weak hair—camel hair for the preference—broad, and thin; the [most efficient brush for the purpose being one made of a superior hog's bristle, broad, and what the trade calls "plump." By the weak and ordinary brush, much more varnish is necessarily applied than may be required, and that unnecessary large quantity refuses every effort to spread it equally, and inevitably leaves the surface deformed by what is called varnish clouds.) He is very scrupulous, again, in employing the identical varnish which has dried any number of times soundly and firmly in the space of half an hour on all sorts of old pictures, and gradually gets into a maze of bewilderment when, at the end of one, two, three hours, the next morning, and the day after, he finds the picture still under a heavy tack, more than sufficient to receive gold leaf. He then, slowly and painfully going over the experiences of his past life of varnishing, suddenly bethinks himself of a failure of the same sort that had befallen him before, and for which he had found a remedy (under the advice of a portrait painter) in a second coat of varnish. This is added, which, with the first, completely floods the picture in a sea of varnish, and the restorer reassures himself on perceiving, by the end of the second day, that the picture has only a slight tack, which he flatters himself will "go off," and makes one of Major Longbow's sage memoranda—"N.B. The first coat of varnish never dries on modern pictures."*

* To be continued.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF DAVID PRICE, ESQ.,
REGENT'S PARK.

ALICE LISLE.

E. M. Ward, R.A., Painter. F. Heath, Engraver.

THE atrocities perpetrated by the royalist troops after the suppression of the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion, in the reign of James II., were for many long years bitterly remembered in the west of England, where they were committed. Monmouth was defeated, in 1685, at Sedgemoor, near Bridgewater, in Somersetshire, and, ten days after, expiated his offence against an arbitrary, weak-minded, and priest-ridden monarch, by a death on the scaffold attended with more than ordinary suffering; while at Exeter, Bridgewater, Taunton, Wells, Dorchester, and other places, the gibbet numbered its victims, adherents of the unfortunate prince, by scores, some hanged without trial by the king's commanders, the Earl of Feversham and the barbarian Colonel Kirke, and some condemned after a show of trial by the infamous Judge Jefferies, whose very name has always been regarded as a dishonour to the judicial bench.

Few cases excited at the time—and continue to do so to this day, wherever the story has been read—more commiseration than that of Lady Alice Lisle, widow of a man who had taken part in the death of Charles I., and was held in high esteem by Cromwell. This lady was, however, a royalist, and had sent her son to do battle for James against Monmouth. It so chanced that, after the engagement at Sedgemoor, John Hickes, a non-conforming divine, and Richard Nelthorpe, a lawyer who had been outlawed for his share in the Rye House Plot, sought refuge at her house. "The same womanly kindness which had led her to befriend the royalists in their time of trouble, would not allow her to refuse a meal and a hiding-place to the wretched men who now entreated her to protect them. She took them into her house, set meat and drink before them, and showed them where they might take rest. The next morning her dwelling was surrounded by soldiers; strict search was made, and Hickes was found concealed in the malt-house, and Nelthorpe in the chimney." Lady Lisle was brought to trial for harbouring the fugitives, condemned by Jefferies, who twice was compelled to threaten the jury because they would have acquitted her, and was executed; thus adding another to the long list of atrocities perpetrated by the "unjust judge."

From this historical incident Mr. Ward has painted one of the frescoes in the Houses of Parliament; the picture here engraved, and which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1858, is the original finished sketch for the fresco. In the foreground is the venerable lady, resting on her walking-stick, and listening with serious but not sorrowful countenance to the charge brought against her of concealing the rebels: before her kneels a handsome young girl, probably the widow's companion, for history makes no mention of any daughter of Lady Lisle, and, besides, her dress is not that of a person of station; she is deprecating the violence of the soldiers, whose faces are the warrant for any act of tyranny and brutality. This group is very spirited in conception, and most striking in individual expression. In the background, to the right, a trooper threatens with instant death, if he resists, the lawyer Nelthorpe, who has just been dragged from his hiding-place; and in the extreme background, to the left, Hickes is being pinioned by another of James's soldiers. The narrative is throughout sustained with great power in the delineation of character, and consummate ability in its artistic character. The interest of the composition is centred in the principal group, but the introduction of the others seems necessary to the right understanding of the subject. The small picture from which the engraving was taken is, as is usual with Mr. Ward's works, very brilliant in colour, but not of a character easily transferable to black and white. Mr. Heath has, however, made the most of somewhat unmanageable materials.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE National Gallery has opened after the recess with considerable additions, especially twenty-two pictures contributed by the Queen, in accordance with a wish of his late Royal Highness the Prince Consort. The pictures are small, and nearly all of the German and Low Country schools, and as examples of rare masters, are valuable links in a historical series. In the Dutch and Flemish room a screen has been placed, on which is hung the greatest part of the contribution, consisting of—'St. John in the Island of Patmos,' and 'St. Christopher carrying the Infant Christ across a River,' both by Patenier (Patenier), in the early manner of Dutch landscape composition, with figures. This painter is but little known even on the Continent: in the German collections there are but few specimens of his works; one is at Berlin, and a 'Flight into Egypt' at Munich: he is supposed to have been born in 1480, and died in 1548. A 'Portrait of a Lady,' by Schoorel, of the Dutch school, whom we know, not very favourably, from his attempt to restore Van Eyck's altar-piece in 1550; An 'Ecce Homo,' by Rogier Van der Weyden; and a 'Head of the Saviour,' perhaps a study for one of his Crucifixions. He was a pupil of Van Eyck, but this is not pronounced in his works. A 'Portrait of a Monk,' by Hugo Van der Goes, another pupil of Van Eyck, well known by his widely distributed works: this study affords but meagre evidence of his powers. A 'Madonna and Child,' ascribed to Margaret Van Eyck, the sister of John and Hubert, who professed miniature painting rather than oil. There is a small 'Madonna and Child' at Kensington Palace attributed to her, but the manner of both pictures is posterior to that of the Van Eycks. 'Mary Magdalen,' by Hendrik de Bles, of the Flemish school (1480—1550), is a very careful study, admirable for its time. De Bles was a pupil of Patenier, and excelled his master in figure painting. A 'Virgin and Child in a Landscape,' by Cornelius Engelbrechtsen, is very fully and carefully painted. This artist was a follower of Van Eyck, but he has not limited himself to the simplicity of his model: hence, his figures do not reach the force and substance of those of the Van Eycks. A 'Madonna and Child,' by Memling; a third example of Patenier, being a 'Crucifixion' with St. John and the four Maries, a much more important work than the smaller landscapes already mentioned, and so different from them as not to suggest the same hand.

'The Presentation in the Temple,' by the master of the Lyversberg 'Passion,' has a richness, lightness, and variety far in advance of the period (1480) about which it may be supposed it was painted. It is at Cologne that we most fully make the acquaintance of this painter, as there we find his masterpiece, a 'Deposition,' with wings, painted, perhaps, about 1489 at Cologne, of which school this unknown was one of the stars.

In addition to this is another work by Schoorel, a 'Holy Family,' a 'Portrait of a Lady,' ascribed to Sigismund Holbein—a head with white drapery, extremely hard. 'St. Peter and St. Dorothy,' by the master of the Cologne 'Crucifixion,' brilliant and sound, but the figures are stiff; this artist was living in 1501. Another work by Hendrik de Bles is called 'Calvary—Christ on the Cross,' and the last production of the northern schools is 'St. Matthew, St. Catherine, and St. John,' by Master Stephan, who was the pupil of Master Wilhelm, the first reputed painter of the school of Cologne. Master Stephan flourished at the beginning of the thirteenth century; and the next celebrity of that school was the master of the Lyversberg 'Passion.' A 'Madonna and Saviour,' by Pinturicchio; a 'Virgin and Child in Glory,' by L'Ingegno. Besides this valuable presentation there have been acquired by purchase a 'Trinity' by Pesello, called 'Pesellino' (1422—1457), of the Tuscan school, in which God the Father is represented as supporting the cross on which the Saviour has died; a 'Holy Family,' by Lanini, of the Milanese school, painted in 1539; and by Bellini, 'Christ's Agony in the Garden,' the whole constituting an addition to the public collection which is well worthy of a week's study.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN
WATER-COLOURS.

THE second annual exhibition of sketches held by this society was opened to private view on Saturday, the 28th of November. As a whole, the exhibition is not so interesting as that of last year; not that finished pictures are desirable on occasions of this kind, but that important subjects, and subjects rendered important by generous treatment, are perhaps less numerous. It will be matter of regret should anything interrupt these annual exhibitions; to a large class they are preferable to the summer gathering of finished pictures; but it is to be feared that the admiration of the lovers of sketches is not so profitable to the society as that of the lovers of pictures.

The exhibitors divide themselves into three classes—those who only sketch and whose sketches are pictures; those who finish and whose sketches are not pictures; and those whose sketches and finished works are both pictures. F. W. Burton's 'Death of Jehoram' (2 Kings ix.) is really a grand conception. There is little in the sacred text to help the artist to detail, yet the drawing is sufficiently and appropriately full. Mr. Burton has consulted just enough, and without pedantry, of both the Greek and the Nineveh remains. The subject is rubbed in with chalk, touched here and there with a brush, and left in such a state that it is felt that further elaboration would spoil it. Gilbert exhibits a standard-bearer—'The Christian Knight,' and some very charming first ideas for pictures already painted. W. Goodall's 'Study for Le Reliquaire,' is higher in purpose than anything he has hitherto done. Carl Haag has sent ten subjects, nearly all as carefully worked as his usual drawings. The sketches of Frederick Tayler scintillate with a light entirely their own. These are nearly all figures for compositions, drawn at once without being retouched. Duncan sends nine from his rich portfolios, all of them valuable drawings made out of very slight material. Neither Harding nor Topham has contributed. By Birket Foster are many small drawings and sketches of infinite beauty; and by Jenkins there are some half-dozen landscape sketches, of much original force; this is a sudden change from the French coast women he has so long painted. Holland's sketches are so numerous and varied, that scarcely any visitor can see them without recognising some locality well known to him. By Joseph Nash are also many drawings, the cunning finish of which cannot possibly be carried further. As we learn from his landscapes, Dodgson has abandoned the graceful garden compositions in which he stood alone. Several of W. Hunt's sketches seem to have been made years ago, so different are they from his present works. Of T. M. Richardson's selections, many of those grouped in frames are so bright and effective, that nothing could improve them. Miss Gillies is a liberal contributor of picturesque figures. Gastineau and W. C. Smith have sent more than any other members; their works, very different in feeling and manner, be it said, show almost every phase of landscape scenery. The architectural subjects by E. A. Goodall are carefully wrought drawings, as also are those of S. Read and those of J. Burgess. With three exceptions, all the members and associates support the exhibition. Thus, besides those mentioned, there are figure-subjects by A. D. Fripp, Oakley, J. M. Wright, H. P. Riviere, Smallfield, &c.; and landscapes and others by Newton, Branwhite, G. A. Fripp, Naftel, S. P. Jackson, H. B. Willis, &c. If these exhibitions are successful, other societies will be incited to do likewise. As we have observed, there is a large proportion of elaborated drawings here; this, in many ways, is scarcely fair to those who exhibit veritable sketches, although many of these can afford to continue to maintain the proposed character of the exhibition. The plan is as yet only on its trial, but the novelty of the thing—for we may so speak, even with a lively remembrance of the sketch exhibition opened some years ago—the novelty, we say, of the proposal is so attractive, that its abandonment will now be a disappointment to an extensive circle of the real lovers of Art.

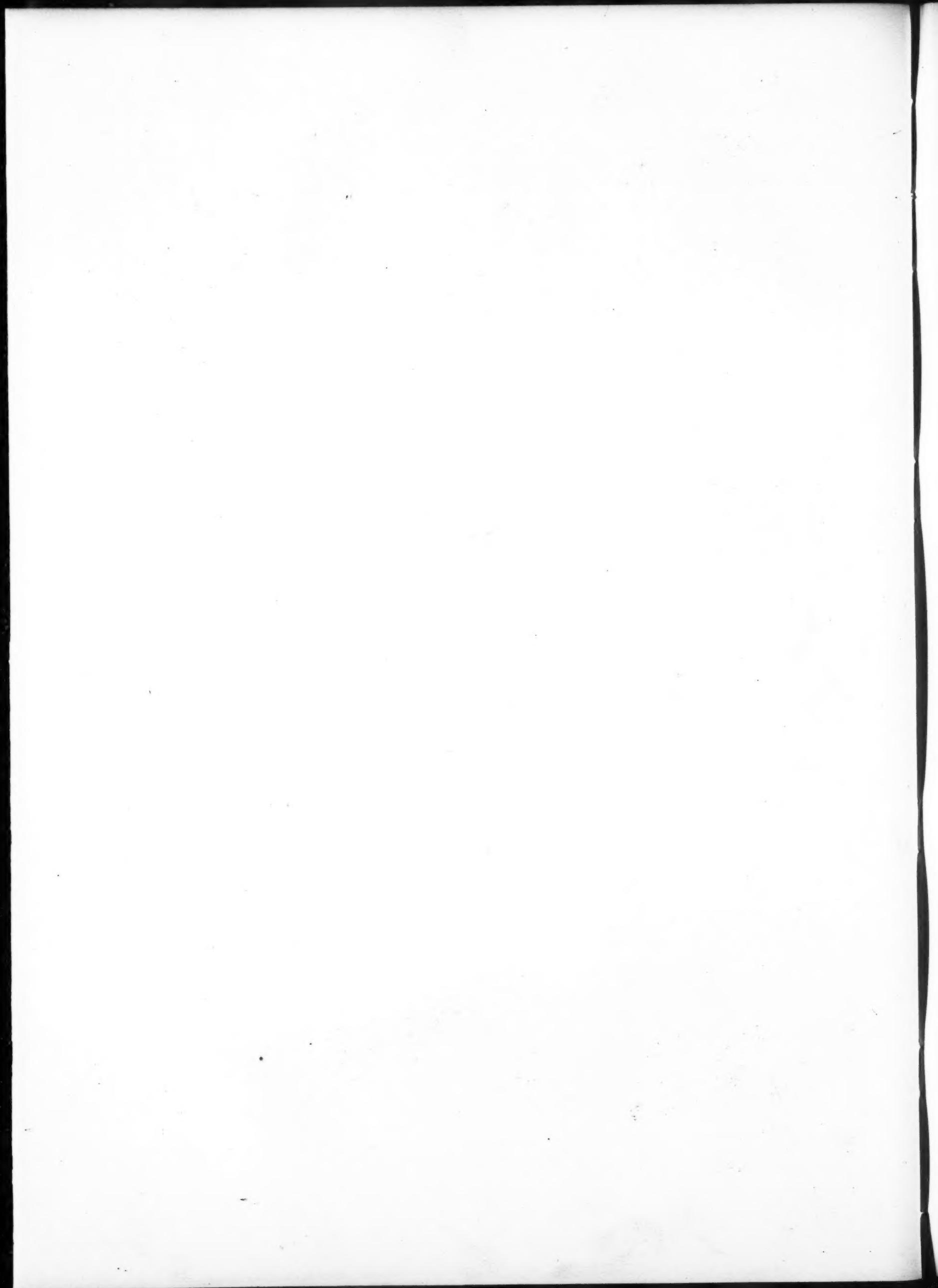




E. M. WARD, R.A. PINX.

ALICE LISLE.

F. HEATH, SCULPT.



THE PROTO-MADONNA.

A PAINTING ATTRIBUTED TO ST. LUKE.

In the year 1829 a Greek monk, in the prime of life, but suffering from acute pulmonary disease, was found in a sadly helpless condition lying in a Bedouin hut. The travellers whom this sufferer thus fortunately encountered, themselves European pilgrims in Palestine, charitably took the sick man with them, and with some difficulty succeeded in conducting him first to Cairo and then to Alexandria. At the earnest entreaty of the still suffering monk, one of the travellers, who had already taken the lead in rendering him the opportune aid he so greatly needed, undertook to complete his work of charity by bringing Father Isaac (for such was the sick monk's name) with him and his companions to Europe. On the third day of their voyage to Ancona, the party encountered a violent storm, the effect of which upon the sufferer was so severe that the kindly efforts of his benefactor failed to prolong his earthly existence. Having bequeathed to his benefactor his only property, a large leathern pouch with its contents, Father Isaac died on the 21st of July, 1829, and was buried at sea. On the 10th of August the survivors safely reached Ancona, from whence the poor monk's legatee at once proceeded to Rome. He had imagined that Father Isaac's leathern pouch had been thrown, very shortly after his decease, with his bedding into the sea; but, when at Rome, it was found that this legacy of the grateful Greek had escaped, and was safely preserved amongst the other packages of the traveller. Then at length the new proprietor of the leathern pouch determined to open it and to examine its contents. This was done, when, with a very few most humble articles of clothing, there were discovered two Greek books of prayer, a metal cup, black with what appeared to be rust, an early metallic monstrance containing twenty-four small pieces of bone with Greek inscriptions, and, packed carefully by itself, a picture painted on metal, representing the Virgin Mary with the Infant Christ; the outlines of these figures could scarcely be traced out, in consequence of a thick covering of a hard black substance. In a small box also there were some ill-made rosaries; and a piece of parchment and a paper, both of them inscribed with Greek characters, were there, attached to an old book-cover.

Such was the inheritance—at first sight not a very attractive or a very promising one—of the heir of Father Isaac. The evident antiquity of some of the relics of the poor monk induced their new proprietor to institute an investigation into their true character, in order, if possible, to ascertain their real value. The evident eagerness with which a dealer in works of early Art sought to purchase the picture, the monstrance, and the cup, convinced the possessor of them of the propriety of making further inquiries, before he permitted these early works to pass from his hands. And it was well that he adopted and acted upon such a resolution. The dusky cup (or small bowl) proved to be of silver, and a work of the earliest Byzantine period; while the monstrance, which was also of silver, and richly gilt, belonged to the fifteenth century; and the pieces of bone that it contained, as the inscriptions set forth, were relics of saints and martyrs who had perished in the Holy Land.

Cardinal Mezzofanti, to whom this singular little collection was then shown, expressed the greatest interest in each object, and offered to purchase the whole for a considerable sum. This offer was accepted only so

far as concerned the monstrance and some other curious relics, which their possessor had purchased at Jerusalem. The cardinal, though unable to obtain possession of the picture, advised that it should be cleaned. This operation, however, was postponed until the contents of the parchment and the paper had been deciphered—by no means an easy task, which, however, was accomplished at that time at Rome; and this translation, then produced by an eminent antiquarian scholar, having subsequently been subjected to severe critical examination, has been pronounced accurate.

The parchment contains a testamentary document, written in the Greek character, apparently of the fifteenth, or perhaps of the sixteenth century, and it bears the name of Azarias, probably, like Father Isaac, a Greek monk. Some portions of this MS. are no longer legible, but, after several sentences which testify to the deep religious feelings of the writer, this document runs thus:—"Give to thee, my brother Zacharias, all that I possess. . . . I give thee the holy cross, which I love, &c. . . . I give thee the holy face of Jesus Maria Hodegedria, which the holy Evangelist Luke has finished, which I love, and in which I die, as the holy Mother of God has died in it. Pray, as I pray, until death, then wilt thou be freed from all venomous disease, and from all their enemies. They will not find thee, as the Holy Virgin, Mother of God, and Jesus were not found by the accursed infidels, because they were concealed in a stone case, and covered with water for eight hundred years, in Constantine's well, where they were discovered by the pious brothers Nicola and Elias. . . . I give thee the cup, which I love, and drink from it," &c. &c. This document ends thus:—"I pray for thee and for thy sins, through Jesus Maria Hodegedria, to eternity. . . . Thy brother Azarias."

Brief pious ejaculations, written in the same character, are on the paper which was with the parchment.

At Paris the owner of these relics learned the art of picture-cleaning. In the first instance he was enabled partially to remove from his picture the hard crust that had been indurated upon its surface, thus disclosing the figures and a dark background painted with black arabesques in oil, and also several fragments of Greek inscriptions upon the back of the plate. Subsequently further experiments led to the entire removal of the arabesque work (which was a mere coating, intended, as it would seem, to conceal the original ground), when a beautiful gilt ground appeared, covered with inscriptions that afterwards were discovered to be written in old Chaldaic. Whatever coating still adhered to the figures and to the inscriptions upon the back of the plate was removed at the same time. In this restored condition, free from speck or any kind of injury, this picture still remains in the hands of the friend of Father Isaac, who so unexpectedly became his heir, Colonel Szerelmey, of Clapham.†

This picture is painted on a plate of cop-

* This remarkable document—the will—was lent by Colonel Szerelmey to Sir Charles Barry, who placed it in the hands of one of his learned friends for investigation. Soon afterwards Sir Charles Barry died, and all the inquiries and researches of Colonel Szerelmey have failed to ascertain the name of the person to whom it was thus handed, notwithstanding that he has repeatedly advertised in the *Times* and elsewhere, entreating its return. Possibly the publicity thus given to the fact may lead to its recovery, a matter of very deep importance to Colonel Szerelmey.—ED. A. J.

† Colonel Szerelmey, a distinguished officer formerly in the Austrian and Hungarian service, a naturalised British subject, is greatly respected by men of science, as the inventor of the indurating and preserving processes in operation at the Houses of Parliament, and of many other useful inventions.

per, in size ten inches by eight. It represents Maria Hodegedria, "the Guide," that is to say, with the Infant Jesus. We have given, on the succeeding page, a fac-simile engraving, most carefully drawn from the original itself, as far as a fac-simile was possible. On the opposite page we give other fac-similia of the inscriptions which accompany this unquestionably most remarkable picture, just as they appear on the back of the painted portraits. The colouring of the original is distinguished by its depth and richness, and it still remains vivid and delicately wrought as at the first. The Virgin herself is represented wearing a dark red garment, embroidered with small stars, and the kerchief which is twined about her head is of the same colour. The under garment of the Infant Jesus is white, having over it a gold-coloured mantle.

The inscriptions, which are executed in a light brown colour upon the gilt background of the picture itself, about and above the heads of the figures, have been unanimously declared by the most learned Hebraists to be genuine examples of the most ancient Chaldaic that is known to living philologists. And so also the other inscriptions, which are on the back of the picture, have been pronounced by the highest authorities to be equally genuine examples of the several periods to which they refer. And we may here add that infinite pains have been taken to compare these inscriptions with other very ancient MSS., and in every possible manner to bring them to the test of the most searching and rigid examination.

The inscription in the Chaldaic character upon the front of the picture has been translated as follows:—"My spirit rejoiceth in the God of Israel; mine eyes have seen Jesus Maria; may the devices of my heart be acceptable to Jesus Maria. Anoint my head with oil, and give peace to thy servant Luke in the sight of Jesus Maria. Jesus Maria give strength to thy servant Luke to proclaim thy name." And the title, "Jesus Maria Hodegedria" (signifying Jesus, the Son of Mary, the "guide," or nursing mother), written in the same character, appears upon the kerchief on the head of the Virgin.

The back of the picture, which is painted green, is faithfully represented in our engraving on page 7. It is evident, accordingly, that these inscriptions were written at different periods and by different persons; and it is also sufficiently obvious that these persons were possessors or guardians of the picture itself. These inscriptions do not occur in chronological order on the original plate, and, indeed, the earliest is in the centre of the group. The first and earliest, from its internal evidence, has been assigned to the apostle-evangelist, St. John himself. The name of Polycarp next succeeds. Inscriptions bearing the names of the Empress Helena and of Macarius, the Bishop of Jerusalem, her contemporary, with the name also of Constantine, continue the series. Dracilianus, the Praetorian prefect, perhaps, mentioned by Macarius; Eudoxia, the wife of the Emperor Theodosius; and Modestus Duces, Abbot of the Theodosian convent at Jerusalem from 614 to 634, succeed to one another. And finally, in Greek characters of the seventh century, an inscription records the sinking of the picture in some cistern, in the hope that so it might be saved from the Saracens, who then had conquered and taken possession of the Holy City. Each of these inscriptions has been shown to accord with the form of expression and with the character in use in its own time.

Such is the picture that we have designated the PROTO-MADONNA, and such is the evidence by which this picture maintains its own right to such a title. It has been seen

by the highest personages in both the Greek and the Latin churches, and it has been sought for with equal zeal by them all. Of

its great antiquity there can be no reasonable doubt, and its relative value is established also beyond any questioning or cavil.

Who Azarias, the maker of the parchment "Will," may have been, we know not; equally unknown are the finders of the long sub-



THE PROTO-MADONNA: A PAINTING ATTRIBUTED TO ST. LUKE.

merged relic, Nicola and Elias. How the picture was transmitted from Zacharias, to whom it was bequeathed by Azarias, to the

monk Isaac, who died, and was buried in the Levant between Alexandria and Ancona, has not been recorded. What may be gathered

from the other inscriptions speaks for itself, and it also appeals to the corroborative evidence of the ancient character of the writ-

plainly set forth. That Colonel Szerelmey himself should be convinced he possesses not only the earliest Madonna, but the earliest picture now existing in the world, and that picture a portrait group, representing the Blessed Virgin and the Infant

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and, on the other hand, as we are sure that Colonel Szerelmey only desires this picture to be estimated upon its true merits, we rely upon him still to be grateful to us should we prove to be the means of substituting for his Proto-Madonna some less dignified and less ancient authorship.

* *Vide* the well-known Paliography of ancient writings with which the inscriptions on this picture have been frequently compared by several eminent scholars.

JANUARY.

1	F.	New Year's Day.
2	S.	Moon's Last Quarter. 7h. 39m. A.M.
3	☿.	Second Sunday after Christmas.
4	M.	Institute of British Architects. Meeting.
5	Tu.	
6	W.	Epiphany. Twelfth Day.
7	Th.	Lecture at the Architectural Association.
8	F.	
9	S.	New Moon. 7h. 45m. A.M.
10	☿.	First Sunday after Epiphany.
11	M.	Hilary Term begins.
12	Tu.	
13	W.	Cambridge Lent Term begins. [Meeting.
14	Th.	Oxford Lent Term begins. Soc. of Antiqs.



Designed by W. Harvey.]

15	F.	Moon's First Quarter. 11h. 6m. P.M.
16	S.	
17	☿.	Second Sunday after Epiphany.
18	M.	Institute of British Architects. Meeting.
19	Tu.	
20	W.	Society of Arts. Meeting. [Meeting.
21	Th.	R. A. Lecture on Archit. Soc. of Antiqs.
22	F.	Lecture at the Architectural Association.
23	S.	Full Moon. 10h. 2m. P.M.
24	☿.	Septuagesima Sunday.
25	M.	
26	Tu.	
27	W.	Society of Arts. Meeting. [Meeting.
28	Th.	R. A. Lecture on Archit. Soc. of Antiqs.
29	F.	
30	S.	[0h. 7m. A.M.
31	☿.	Sexagesima Sunday. Moon's Last Quarter,



[Engraved by Dalziel Brothers.

ART-WORK IN JANUARY.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., &c.

DURING the present year it is intended to furnish in this journal a short notice of the current month, and some of its capabilities for Art-work. Not being a practical artist, though loving Art most sincerely, and thinking it to be a manifestation of the highest aspirations of human nature—the instinctive worship of the Beautiful, and therefore of the Maker of all beauty—I do not pretend to use any of the technical terms of Art, nor presume to dictate to artists what they are to see, or paint, or carve. All that I can hope to perform is, to mention some of the many beauties which each returning month unveils to our view; to call attention to the furred and feathered tribes, the creeping things, and fluttering insects that inhabit our islands, and give to the landscape the charm of life; and, in short, to indicate just those things which make me feel the keenest dissatisfaction with my own lack of artistic skill.

January! What does this bleak, cold, windy, snow-clad month present, and what shall the artist do in it? I suppose that in this, as in most other occasions of life, the answer depends very much on the character of the respondent. There are some who seize every opportunity of making holiday, of easing their labours, and of living an idle life, when their particular work is not obtruded upon them; while there are others who always find the day too short for them, and would be glad of a supplementary month or two at the end of the year. If one kind of work fails, another imperiously demands the hand to do it; and there is not one hour, unpropitious as the day may seem, when something may not be done—something which makes no present show, but which bears its fruit in the after-time.

Thus the earth does her work in this cold winter month, while she seems to be sunk in lethargy, her trees stripped of their foliage, her soil buried under the snow, and her waters locked by the frost. Yet, in truth, she is working as hard in January as in the warmest and blitheliest time of the genial summer-tide. She is preparing for the coming year, and elaborating with the minutest care the details of that wonderful robe of beauty which she intends to display throughout the remainder of the year. Silently and unseen she is drawing from the depths of her own being the luxuriant foliage, the tender petals, and the varied hues which will soon clothe her with loveliness indescribable; and deep in the recesses of the soil she urges and directs an array of mighty forces, such as none can appreciate, and few even suspect.

We are accustomed yearly to see the brown-ridged corn-fields change their hue and assume a delicate green, and we know that the change is caused by the myriad grass-blades that peer above the soil. But who ever thinks of the work that has been done in each tiny buried grain, and of the aggregate power which is exerted when these little tender shoots push themselves into life, and aspire towards the sun? Why, the mere mechanical force which is expended in a single corn-field, would have sufficed not only to launch the stubborn Leviathan, but to raise bodily that iron mass and held it in the air. If you doubt this, just walk into the woods, and you may see a huge log which you cannot lift, or a great stone which you can barely stir, pushed out of its place, and raised from its bed, by some fragile fungi which a baby could crumble into flakes between his tiny fingers. Even the power required to force the sap of an ordinary elm, or oak, or poplar, as high as the topmost leaves, is almost incredible. It is

difficult to put the case in a simple light, so complicated is the process through which the sap rises. Perhaps the reader may form an approximate conception of the mechanical powers which are constantly being exerted in the natural world, by the fact that, if human labour were to be substituted for the mechanism by which the sap ascends, a strong man and a force-pump to each tree would scarcely supply the requisite power.

See what marvellous chemical powers are brought into operation beneath the surface of the earth. How the dew-drops, that insensibly condense upon the foliage, and the showers that fall pattering from the clouds, sink together into the ground, and mix with the soil! How they take up the invisible gases that breathe themselves over the surface of the earth, and carry them downwards into its dark recesses, there to enter a laboratory such as no chemist can hope to possess, attracting, repelling, refining, and distributing with unerring certainty the infinitesimal particles that support the life of each plant. I have often thought how wonderstruck we should be, could our eyes only pierce the hidden secrets of the earth, and watch the wondrous works which are continually enacted beneath our feet.

Therefore, O artist, whether of brush, or chisel, or pen, emulate the example set by the mighty mother, and let each hour see its appointed work completed.

Still, though there may not be much outdoor work in January, there is some. There is the snow, for example, whether spread wide and smooth over rolling downs, heaped in masses by the wind, or held in the outstretched arms of the forest trees. But it is in those places where the wind has full play upon the snow, that its beauties are best shown.

I have seen snow carved by the mere gusts and eddies of the wind into such fantastic shapes that it looked like a landscape from the Arctic regions of dreamland. Here was a sea, bounded by a craggy and precipitous coast, over which hung great caverned rocks, and on the shore of which lay vast boulders, smooth and rounded as if worn by much rolling in the waves below. In one place, the shore was cut into numberless channels, intricate, labyrinthine, and steep-sided as the fiords of northern Europe; then the whole idea would be changed, and the snow was heaped together in hills and mountains like miniature Alps, with sharp, steeple-like peaks shooting up here and there, and traversed by crevasses just like those of the mountains which are so strangely simulated. It is true that the tallest pinnacle was not much more than five feet in height, that the crevasses were not more than an inch or two in width, that the cliffs were but a yard or two in depth, and the boulders below them no larger than cricket-balls. Yet, when transferred to paper, and a few miniature travellers inserted in the drawing, with ladders and ropes, and alpenstocks complete, they assumed a marvellous grandeur, and looked quite as majestic as if the originals had been measured by miles and furlongs, instead of feet and inches.

There is certainly something strangely fascinating about snow, as there is with running water, and even the footprints that mark the track of the shivering pedestrian across the field, possess a decided, though indefinable interest. If we were natives of a hot country, where snow is never seen, we should be greatly struck with the extreme beauty of the snow-clad landscape. Even the savage inhabitants of tropical lands, whose minds seem quite incapable of comprehending the beauties of nature, have been known to throw off their usual apathy when they saw snow for the first time, and to stand, lost in silent

amazement at the wonderful sight presented to their view.

Ice, again, displays such marvellous beauties as no painter's hand can hope to delineate. Look, for example, at a cascade which has been seized by the iron hand of frost, and bound in icy fetters, and see what a magnificent sight it presents. There are translucent pinnacles like spires of crystal, pendulous pinnacles drooping from above to meet them, all white towards their bases, and transparent towards their tips, and looking like a limestone cavern in which the stalactites and stalagmites have been changed into crystal by some fairy's wand.

I scarcely know whether the frozen fountain is more beautiful in light or shade. In the one case it glitters with every rainbow hue, the sun's rays penetrating through the lucent masses, and being broken into a thousand coruscant scintillations of ruby and emerald, and sapphire and topaz, and every colour for which the earth has not found a gem, nor its inhabitants a name. In the other case, the delicate clusters of icy pinnacles (from which assuredly the old Gothic architects borrowed some of their most exquisite conceptions) shine out against the dark background, white, ethereal, and pure. Even with a few dashes of black ink upon a white paper they can be expressed with a wonderful force and fidelity.

With some exceptions vegetable life is absent, but the ivy still hangs its green masses from the forest trees, or clusters its lithe branches round the ancient walls of some ruin or antique cottage, forming a home and a shelter for many a bird, and holding out its circle of dark berries for their winter's sustenance. Other evergreens, the holly, with its armed and varnished leaves, and its bunches of coral-red berries, the yew, the cypress, the pine, and the ilex, still keep their foliage, and offer a lovely contrast to the bleak and bare scenery around them. A winter garden planted with such trees would have a beautiful effect, and confer an incalculable boon upon thousands of the feathered tribes.

But even the dismantled boughs and perished leaves have their beauty. The withered ferns, for example, present wonderful gradations of soft hues, passing from green through many a shade of yellow, red, and brown, and so do fallen leaves and withered grasses. An artist friend of my own, some of whose delicate drawings have found a place in the *Art-Journal*, is in the habit of collecting and bringing home large quantities of these very objects, to be studied in bad weather, when he cannot use his implements in the open air. There are drawers containing a mixed assemblage of such "rubbish" as a careful housewife would congratulate herself on detecting and burning; dead leaves, bits of lichen-covered branches, acorns, shells of beech-nuts and chestnuts, fir-cones, and, in fine, specimens of the *débris* to be found under trees or hedges in the winter time. As to fern leaves, there are enough of them to thatch a small cottage. Also there are insects in plenty, the slight-bodied, gaily-coloured butterflies, the fat, sluggish moths, and the polished beetles gleaming as if cut from burnished metal.

Mosses and lichens ought properly to be studied in the open air, for they will neither keep their colour nor their form when removed from the situation in which they have grown, or, at all events, they cannot be preserved for any length of time, even with all appliances of air and moisture. Now is the time for studying the anatomy of the trees, and learning their characteristic contours before they again hide their shapes under their green robes.

Foliage is oftentimes rather in the way than otherwise, and conceals the true figure of the tree, as over-abundant dress hides the contours of the human form. Sometimes, too, it interferes with charming little views of cottages, ruins, and other picturesque objects; so that the artist must perforce make his sketches in the winter at the risk of freezing his toes and stiffening his fingers with the cold. Some persons are subject to a kind of superficial paralysis when exposed to cold. The whole form seems to shrink, the limbs and joints lose their pliability, and the lips refuse to form articulate words.

For those who can endure the chilly air, and whose fingers are not stiffened by the frost, there are some wonderful scenes on many of our great tidal rivers, where the land is cut up into creeks and inlets, where great mud-banks spread over miles of surface, and where the sea-birds and other aquatic members of the feathered tribe come to feed.

How they patter over the mud, covering it with deep impressions of their feet; how they turn this way and that way, their bright black eyes glistening like polished jet-beads; how readily they see, and how eagerly they pounce upon, anything which lies on the shore, and which they fancy to be eatable. Sometimes two birds will make a simultaneous rush at the same morsel, and, instead of picking it up, begin to scold each other outrageously, each deeming itself the injured party, and expressing its opinion of its adversary in language which, to judge by the intonation, must be of a character that, if intelligible, would render both parties liable to heavy fines in a court of justice. The whole figure of the bird is transformed while it is thus excited, and its mouth in particular looks just like that of an ancient gargoyle. Perhaps, in the midst of the altercation, a great black-backed gull stalks slowly up, deliberately swallows the disputed morsel, and solemnly stalks back again.

Then there are the hooded crows keeping near the land, and picking up many an unconsidered trifle. Sometimes they may be seen rising and falling, or "tacking and wearing" over one spot, and then you may be sure that a drowned dog, or dead sheep, or some such dainty, is below them. I do not say that the dead dog is picturesque, though the skeleton of a dead camel is so, but the crows are picturesque enough, as they hover about the spot, displaying themselves to the very best advantage, and assuming an inexhaustible variety of attitudes. Then you will have the great flocks of sandpipers speckling the shore, or rising into the air, and sweeping along like grape-shot hurled from some gigantic but silent cannon, while the curlews fly straight and swift across the water, wailing as if in dire distress; and ever and anon a kingfisher darts along like an azure arrow, and a heron comes slowly flapping his way on his wide pinions.

The unassisted eye may not see all this, and much more besides, which our limited space will not permit me to describe; but with the aid of a good telescope and a little practice, the artist may survey the feathered groups at his ease, and watch them as perfectly as if he too wore feathers instead of broadcloth, webbed feet instead of boots, and were by some enchantment transformed for the time into that wonderful "white bird with red bill and feet," of which Scheherazade seemed to think so much, but which must have been the common laughing gull of our own island. Often have I longed for the artist-hand while watching these scenes of life and beauty; and it is in hope of inducing some skilled master of the brush to undertake the task of depicting them that I now call attention to them.

THE CHURCH AT EPHEBUS.

BY THE REV. J. M. BELLEW.

A PROPER study of the ruins of Ephesus has never yet been made. The overthrow of the monuments of various ages has been so complete, the confusion has been so utter, and the alluvial deposits and marshes at the mouth of the Cayster have made the place so unhealthy, that excavations among the ancient remains have been both disheartening and dangerous.

But despite this, the Englishman who sits at home at ease, and only reads of Ephesus, will be apt to say, "Surely there must be the foundations of the temple. Though the temple may be destroyed, the mighty substructure must remain." This is possibly, or rather probably, true. It may be quite true that the basement on which an edifice of such magnificence and colossal proportions was raised cannot have entirely disappeared; but it may be equally the fact that not a trace of it may meet the eye at the present instant. Certain it is that the temple proper has utterly disappeared. How, first of all, are we to account for this? The answer is, that the contiguity of the building to the sea and to the harbour were the origin of its ruin. The Byzantine emperors gave orders to carry off from Ephesus whatever was fitted to adorn their new capital. Unfortunately the orders could be too easily obeyed. It may be that in the mosque of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, we even now gaze upon some of the costly pillars of the Temple of Diana, that we vainly search for in Ephesus herself. In addition, there is no doubt that the establishment of Christianity in this city was one leading cause of the destruction of its monuments of antiquity, because the early Christians regarded Ephesus as the great focus of paganism, and the moment they became powerful the temple was closed. Abandoned by them to destruction, its materials would doubtless be soon applied to other purposes. We know as a historical fact that the fabric still existed to the year A.D. 268, when it was pillaged by the Goths. This is the last mention we find made of a structure which had excited the admiration of the world. What were its subsequent fortunes we can only conjecture. It is most probable that the same earthquakes that did such terrible havoc among the Roman territories in Asia Minor also completed the ruin of this famous shrine, already prepared to yield to the visitations of convulsion by having its great pillars and most costly enrichments removed elsewhere. Let us add to these circumstances two other facts. The village which adjoins the ruins of Ephesus is known by the name Aiasolouk, which some writers state to be a corruption of the words *ἅγιος θεολόγος*, and to be a lingering record of the Evangelist St. John. The derivation of the name seems exceedingly far-fetched and improbable; but however that may be, Aiasolouk stands upon a circular hill at the extremity of the plain—inland—similar to its neighbour the hill Prion. Upon the crest of this hill there is a castle; around it are masses of overturned work, and some highly decorated pieces of carving. There are remains of an aqueduct at the foot of the hill, which are constructed out of ancient fragments, rich with inscriptions. There is a ruined mosque contained within the precincts of the present mosque, and this ancient building consists entirely of white marble, being supported by four gigantic granite pillars, which tradition says were derived from the Temple of Diana.

The castle, the aqueduct, the mosque, have all been built out of the remains of ancient Ephesus; and the castle was erected by the Byzantine emperors, who used many antique bas-reliefs in its construction—things which Turks never cared for nor understood. Here, then, we have abundant evidence that Ephesus, at a very early date of the Christian era, became a mere quarry. Its treasures were carried off to Constantinople; its masonry was used for the fortification of Aiasolouk, and probably of many other neighbouring fortifications. When these facts are known to us, it becomes more easy to realise the total demolition which the Temple of Diana has suffered. For the final blow to its greatness we have to

turn to the days of Tamerlane, A.D. 1403. After the fall of Smyrna this conqueror spent thirty days in Ephesus for the purpose of destroying the remains that had escaped former disasters. The reader will admit that the story of desolation is now complete.

From the top of Prion the basin of the inner harbour, or lake (but which is now become a morass, in consequence of the silting of the slime, and deposit of sand brought down by the Cayster), may be distinctly traced; as also the line of the Attalean embankment, the masonry of which was denominated "incretum," consisting of various shaped and sized stones cemented together.

When the mouth of the channel was open, the flux and reflux of the sea necessarily cleared away the slime brought down from the hills by the Cayster. Once the scavenging of the sea was prevented, the deposit increased; it grew into soil, and thus by degrees firm ground has been established some feet above the original level of the plain. Beneath this deposit probably, and somewhere beyond the margin of the reedy marsh—once the inner harbour—the foundations of the Temple of Diana now lie buried.

It ought to be mentioned that on the eastern side of the marsh, there are the remains of a very extensive ruin, which Hamilton ("Researches, Asia Minor," vol. ii. p. 24) considers may be the remains of the foundations of the temple, which may have stood upon a base thirty or forty feet high. The ruins in question are very extensive, but there is one strong objection to their ever having belonged to the Temple of Diana, which is, that they are manifestly *within the walls* of the city of Lysimachus, whereas we know positively that the temple was beyond the boundaries of the city. It had the privileges of asylum, or sanctuary, which Alexander extended to a stadium, or one-eighth of a mile. Mithridates, by shooting an arrow from the angle of the pediment, extended the asylum beyond the stadium to the distance that the arrow reached. Mark Anthony again extended the *bounds of the sanctuary*, but as his limit comprehended a portion of the city, and the concession proved very inconvenient, it was annulled by Augustus Cæsar.

The situation of the ruins which Hamilton speaks of, seems too near to the site of Ephesus, in fact, too completely enclosed within it, to admit of a circuit of one-eighth of a mile being drawn around it, as intervening ground between the temple and the city. Those who are interested in the subject, would do well to turn to Hamilton's "Researches," and weigh the arguments which he uses in favour of this mass of ruin, particularly as there is a very strong paragraph in Dr. Smith's "Dictionary" in support of Hamilton's opinion. Differing as the writer does with the opinion of Hamilton, and agreeing with Arundel, Chandler, and Texier, the subject is one always open to discussion, and, archæologically, of the greatest interest. Even if the ruins in question could be shown to be the base of the temple structure (and they certainly exhibit huge blocks of marble), we should be little advantaged as regards the temple, of which not one stone standing on another is to be seen.

Standing upon Mount Prion, and looking westward towards the sea, we have the platform of the city stretched out beneath us, bounded on the immediate left by the range of Corissus, crowned with the fortified wall of Lysimachus, and terminating seaward with a lofty tower, which is now commonly known by the name of the "Prison of St. Paul." Immediately under us, constructed in the side of Prion, and a little to the left, are the remains of the once famous Theatre, into which the people rushed when they had been filled full of wrath by the address of Demetrius, the silver-smith, who made shrines for Diana (Acts xix). This theatre, despite the removal of its marble benches, is still in sufficient preservation to enable us to appreciate its grandeur. It was, and is, the largest theatre in the world, its diameter being 660 feet, or 40 feet larger than that of the Colosseum. It could easily contain 57,000 people, while the largest English theatre will not hold 4,000. The proscenium has entirely vanished, as well as the seats. Many of these may be traced in the masonry of the castle at Aiasolouk, the letters upon them denoting the different cunei. Pocock was able to trace four vomitoria. The

modern traveller cannot trace one. Some ruins, and particularly a piece which stands boldly erect in front of Prion, are supposed to mark the site of the Theatre Gymnasium.

Upon the right slope of Prion stands the ancient Stadium, which, though easily traced, is now reduced to an equal state of ruin with the theatre. This enormous structure measures 900 feet in length, and to convey a correct idea of its ground plan, it may be compared to the letter U, or to the ordinary shaped magnet. Great as was the accommodation of the theatre, that of the stadium was far greater. It was capable of seating 76,000 people. Tier upon tier of this superb structure rose upon the hill-side of Prion; the actual building upon the side of the plain being kept lower than that on the Prion side, in order to exhibit the arcades and porticos to those entering the city from the north. The races were run in the area below, which was about 200 feet broad and 700 long. Pausanias says that the races were sometimes six, sometimes twelve courses round this area, i.e. about a mile and a half, or three miles, as the case might be. Adjoining the stadium to the north there are considerable ranges of ruin, which are considered by Falkener to be the Stadium Gymnasium. This seems doubtful, as the plan of the building is very peculiar. It is much to be regretted that the purpose of this building cannot be satisfactorily ascertained, since its foundations being artificial, and built on the city wall, in order to raise it above the adjacent plain to a level with the rising platform of the city, afford extensive opportunities for a study of the architecture of Ephesus. The ruins seen in the plate (in front of Prion) have most probably belonged to the vast pile of the Agora, and the Forum. The double portico, the columns placed at intervals, as described by Vitruvius, may be traced, but to restore this immense wilderness of ruin to form and shape is utterly impossible. Nothing but the most extensive excavations, undertaken at heavy cost, could ever inform us of the exact outline, and shape, and probable purpose of this wide field of architectural slaughter. We may with great confidence assume that the greatest public buildings of Ephesus, the courts, the market-place, the senate-house, were situated here, for the mass of ruin prompts the assumption. It is now an inexplicable labyrinth.

Beyond this mass, again, are the monster foundations of which Hamilton speaks, and which are here designated the Great Gymnasium. He does not, however, mention the subterranean chambers which still exist under this ruined pile, and which have been inspected by various travellers. A staircase in one of the piers descends to a great depth, conducting to a series of small chambers, which communicate again with long corridors, through which clear, pure water is found to flow. These subterranean galleries, used as aqueducts, seem to strengthen the supposition that the building above was the Great Gymnasium. As a remain in a perfect state of preservation, these vaults are beyond all doubt the most interesting study in Ephesus. They must, however, be examined with great caution, for not only is the passage through them in some places very bad, but they are extremely intricate, and ought never to be entered except in the company of some guide who is familiar with them.

Under the slopes of Corissus there are still to be seen the remains of one out of the multitude of temples which we know existed at Ephesus. It is a Corinthian temple, and correct drawings of its various parts will be found in Chandler's "Illustrations." It is the temple already alluded to as dedicated to Cæsar. Its length is 130 feet, width 80 feet. The portico is of marble, and exhibits four columns 46 feet high.

► In speaking of Ephesus, Pliny has made the remark that it would take a book to describe the temple alone. The same remark may be made of the ruins of the city. Nothing less than a book would serve to describe them, and since a most able and interesting book has been written upon the subject, the writer would refer those who are in search of the fullest information, to Falkener's "Ephesus, and the Temple of Diana." It is satisfactory to find that the opinion held by the writer, as to the utter disappearance of the Temple of Diana, is also held by Falkener, as it is by the most accurate of continental travellers,

Texier, to whose opinions and conversation in discussing various topics regarding the ruins of Ephesus, Sardis, and Pergamos, the writer is much indebted.

In speaking of the various ruins already alluded to, no mention has been made of the Odeum, or music hall, and the remains of the Opisthopleprian Gymnasium, which lie over against Corissus, to the south of the theatre. The gymnasium alone in Ephesus were so numerous, that it is probable we may trace them among the piers and arches adjacent to every public building in the place. Description, therefore, in a limited space becomes impossible. We read in history of a number of temples, such as the temples of Jupiter, Apollo, Venus, Ceres. Of these, and a great number more, the Corinthian Temple above spoken of is now the only distinct remain.

As regards the present state of preservation, beyond a doubt the most interesting remain at Ephesus is the so-called wall of Lysimachus, stretching for a mile and three quarters along the crest of Corissus towards the west, and terminating in a square building or tower, which commands all the plain, vulgarly known by the name of "St. Paul's Prison." This building is the most attractive edifice in the Ephesus of to-day. It is probably far older than the time of Lysimachus. Both it and the wall (and the towers which are dotted along its course) are of Persian origin, and were used by Lysimachus in the defence of the city. This wall is in many places twenty feet high, and excellently built out of the stone which the quarries of Corissus provided. Extending from opposite the theatre on Mount Prion to the Prison of St. Paul, along the range of the hills, it is a prominent object from every part of the ruins of the city. Its towers and sally-ports are particularly interesting in their construction.

It is in vain that we now look for the once famous Church of St. John, which is historically stated to have stood upon Mount Prion, and beneath and within which was the tomb of the apostle. Its direction and position have been spoken of by various ancient writers, but their descriptions are too uncertain and contradictory to admit of any identification of the spot. There is a church which still exists, in a ruined condition, not far from the Great Gymnasium, which there is every reason to believe was the Church of St. Mark. The nave of this church is as large as that of St. Paul's Cathedral, and yet amidst the majestic surrounding structures it must have looked insignificant. It is extremely disappointing to the Christian traveller to be unable to trace the Church of St. John. If a remnant of it could be identified, it would become at once one of the most sacred spots of the East, for not only should we know the place beneath which the apostle's ashes are mingled with the dust, but we should also identify the ground on which the third great council—the Council of Ephesus—was held under Theodosius II., A.D. 431, to condemn the Nestorian heresy (*ad iapewc*, "not dividing the substance"), when the Nestorians refused to denominate the Virgin as the Mother of God, and insisted upon calling her merely the Mother of our Lord.

Around Mount Prion, on the eastern side (removed from the city), are several tombs, which remind the traveller of those which are seen in the rocks at Petra. They are cut into the solid face of the hill, and look like ovens. The remains of the dead have been pushed into these tombs, which have been fastened at the mouth with large stones. Among them it is probable was the grave of Timothy, the first Bishop of Ephesus; and among them likewise, tradition has it, was the tomb of the Virgin Mary, who, having been taken to his own home by St. John, accompanied him when he came to Ephesus, and lived and died here.

But the eastern side of Mount Prion presents to the traveller other objects of interest. Chief of these are the ancient quarries which supplied Ephesus with its marble. These are hollowed out of the hill, and are approached through deep avenues, with strange and gloomy windings. In the quarries are many caverns, out of which the marble has been hewn. The water drips from the ledges above, and the wild flowers twine around the yawning mouths of these solemn and

solitary quarries. Here, then, we have the very workshops of the city, out of which its grandeur was carved! Upon many a ledge of rock the marks of the mason's tools are left still distinct and plain on the face of the stone, though it is sixteen hundred years since those quarries were used. In the time of Christ they had for centuries yielded up their treasure to adorn the city. Three thousand years ago they were probably as busy with the hum of men, and rang with the blows of the hammer as cheerily as any English quarry does to-day. The moralist may sit and muse with purpose in the quarries of Ephesus.

Hard by is a spot which some travellers have tortured their fancy into believing might be the Church of St. John. It is nothing else than a cave, but a cave around which the romances of history has gathered. This is the Cave of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, the tradition regarding which Mahomet has introduced into the Koran, in "The Chapter of the Cave." Every one is familiar with the story of the seven young Christian men who, flying from the persecutions of Diocletian, in the third century, and accompanied by a dog, concealed themselves in this cave, and there falling asleep, slept for two hundred years. When they awoke, and entered the city, they found themselves in a Christian town, where everyone was a stranger, and everything was strange. The same day they died, and were buried in seven tombs in this cave, an eighth being given to their faithful dog Kmetech, for whom the Mahometans have found a place in paradise. The Turks hold the Seven Sleepers in great reverence, and number them among the faithful children of the prophet. Among Christians they are traditionally known by the names, Constantinus, Serapion, Maximilianus, Johannes, Martinianus, Malchus, and Dionysius. Wherever the story of the Seven Sleepers arose—and it was probably derived from heathen tradition—it is certain that no traveller will visit Ephesus without taking a glance at the gloomy cavern that the Turk holds sacred, as the place of their last and longest sleep.

But we need not to have recourse to tradition, in order to invest Ephesus with poetic interest. It is so intimately associated with ancient history, and so closely connected with that of the early Christian Church, that we have but to recall the names of Cyrus, Croesus, Lysimachus, Cæsar, Alexander, Anthony, and again of St. Paul, St. John, and Timothy, to find enough material for the loftiest and most solemn poetic reverie. The ruins of Ephesus are an epic written in stone. "Thy works, thy labour, and thy patience" are honoured by the evangelist, and written on the pages of ecclesiastical history. A long line of bishops, whose names and succession are preserved, have presided over this church, which still struggles on, and sustains a miserable existence. Of Ephesus in its decline and fall little need be said. The adjoining Turkish village of Aiasolouk has been erected out of its remains. The mosque, the castle, the aqueduct, and mounds of ruins around, show that Ephesus was dismantled when this Turkish settlement was made. The Mahometans took possession of Ephesus in the reign of Alexius; they lost it in 1266, and regained it in 1283. In 1308 it surrendered to Sultan Samsan, when the new town sprang up at Aiasolouk, built upon the hill on which it now stands, about a mile north-east of Mount Prion. In 1402, Tamerlane revelled in the work of destruction; since which date, as a city having a name and place in the busy history of modern centuries, it has ceased to exist. The ruins, as we now see them, are for the most part Roman in their character; but even in the Roman we see only the restoration of the Grecian; while in the so-called wall of Lysimachus and Prison of St. Paul, we probably look upon a structure raised when the Persian satrap ruled in Ephesus. But a railway has reached it, and modern civilisation is already inoculating it with the virus of mercantile enterprise. No one can foretell what may be the future history of the place: it may be destined to revive, and become busy once again with the hum of men; but its glories will ever be in the past, and ever will recall the shrine of Diana, and the beloved disciple whose daily admonition to the Church of Ephesus was, "Little children, love one another."

OBITUARY.

FREDERICK LEE BRIDELL.

OUR number for September last contained a brief notice of this artist's death. But his genius was of an order so rare, and his loss to Art is so great, that we may be excused for returning to the subject. The premature close of the life of a man of genius is always sad, but it is so in a pre-eminent degree when it comes before he has had the time or the opportunity to make his genius felt, or to secure the recognition which alone compensates to the artist for years of lonely struggle and nervous exhaustion. Raphael, Shelley, Keats, and others, it is true, died young; yet had they lived to a good age, could they have made their "heritage of fame" one jot more secure? In their case there is little to regret. But the annals of Art, could they be written, would tell of many a hand palsied in the prime of its power, just when the mastery over the materials of the art had been gained, and when the strong poetic soul had begun to show with free and fluent pencil how nature was mirrored within it, and how well and wisely it read and could interpret the deep significance of

"The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That have their haunts by dale, or piney mountain,
Or forest, by slow stream or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths."

Not a few such pass away, leaving a name utterly unknown, except, it may be, by some stray connoisseur. Others, like Bonington and Müller among painters, or Schubert among musicians, rise rapidly into renown; but only when recognition comes too late to quicken the pulses or lighten the heart of the men who have done so much for the enjoyment of others. Of this number, we fear, was Mr. Bridell; for although within a certain circle his works were known and appreciated, the time had not come when his fine powers, which latterly were ripening with striking rapidity, must have forced a general recognition, and placed him in the very foremost rank of poetical landscape painters.

Frederick Lee Bridell was born in Southampton, in November, 1831, of respectable, but not wealthy parents. He very early showed a talent for painting, and at the age of fifteen began life in his native town as a portrait painter. His early efforts were wholly unassisted, for at that time Southampton had not the means of supplying even the elements of an education in Art. While Mr. Bridell was still in his sixteenth year, his works attracted the attention of a picture cleaner and dealer, visiting Southampton, who induced him to enter into one of those engagements by which young men of real power have not unfrequently bartered for a bare subsistence brains, time, and health. Whether Mr. Bridell's engagement was of this one-sided nature we do not pretend to say. It secured for him, at all events, the means of a prolonged study abroad, the fruits of which were conspicuous in the artist's best works. But, on the other hand, a mistaken view of self-interest on the part of his employer kept him back from the London public long after he ought to have been winning a place among the artists of the British school.

It was not till 1859 that Mr. Bridell exhibited in London, when he produced a marked impression by his fine picture of 'The Coliseum by Moonlight,' exhibited in that year at the Royal Academy, and again last year at the International Exhibition. There was in this picture the unmistakable presence of an eye that looked at nature with the sympathies of a poet, and a hand that dealt with what it undertook in a fashion of its own, and that no common one. The impression then made Mr. Bridell fully sustained by his subsequent works. A visit the following year to the North Italian lakes resulted in several noble pictures. These were eagerly sought after by the lovers of Art whom circumstances threw across his path. Mr. John Platt and Mr. Josiah Radcliffe possess two specimens of a very large size, while Mr. Theodore Martin and others may be mentioned as the owners of many smaller pictures from the same field, all distinguished by consummate truth, combined with poetical and perfectly original treatment. There was

nothing small or trivial in Mr. Bridell's representations of nature. He did not fritter away your attention upon the foliage of a fern or the details of a fence. He placed the grand panorama of plain, forest, lake, mountain, and sky, vividly before you; made you look at it with his eyes, contemplate it with his mood, and feel the influences of the whole scene as he himself had felt them. He was not one of those men who are "put out by nature." On the contrary, he obviously never feared to grapple with her either in her coyest or her grandest moods. His sketches demonstrate this. But it is impossible to look at his pictures and not to feel that at his easel, and while his imagination was most active, nature was ever before his eyes, and that he was bent to fix her varied features upon his canvas with that individuality of stamp which is their subtlest charm, but for which so many are content to substitute merely conventional types. In his painting of skies and clouds in particular, Mr. Bridell seems to us to occupy a place among British artists only second to Turner. Some of his earlier works may be open to the charge of heaviness in treatment, but this defect cannot be alleged against any of his later pictures. We have present to our minds as we write several which bear the same place in our memory as the actual sunrises and sunsets, twilights and moonlights, of which every observer of nature carries a store in his memory, as revelations of beauty never to be forgotten. In the shifting aspects of the clouds, in the gorgeous hues of the dawn and twilight, in the trailing vapours of lake and mountain, Mr. Bridell obviously revelled. He possessed the rare art of preserving in his colours all the transparency and airy lightness of reality. His best pictures impress us with the same sense of beauty and completeness as fine poems, or a fine strain of music; and we speak from personal experience when we say that a picture in his best manner will make you forget that you are looking at it in a London room, and lose yourself in the solemn sweetness of after sunset upon the Lake of Como, or a summer dream of the olive-clad slopes of wind-swept Soracte.

Unfortunately for his fame, most of Mr. Bridell's best works have never been exhibited. Chief among these is a landscape of an important size (painted in emulation of Turner, as Turner had previously painted in emulation of Claude), illustrative of Spenser's description in the "Faerie Queen" of the Temple of Love. It was commissioned by Mr. Wolff, of Bevois Mount House, Southampton, and justifies the artist's ambitious hope of rivalling, without imitating, his great predecessor. Mr. Wolff was among the first to appreciate the rising genius of Mr. Bridell. He bought largely of him, and his collection, containing, among others, 'The Coliseum,' is fine and important enough to merit the title of "The Bridell Gallery," which Mr. Wolff has given it. This gentleman, we believe, courteously allows lovers of Art to inspect his collection. Another large picture, entitled 'Sunset on the Atlantic,' exhibited six years ago in Liverpool, produced an impression there which has never been forgotten. This picture also has not been seen in London.

In 1858 Mr. Bridell married in Rome the daughter of Mr. W. J. Fox, then member for Oldham. The lady is herself an artist, and their union was one of those rare marriages of sympathy almost ideal. For some time past it had been painfully apparent to Mr. Bridell's friends that his health was seriously shaken. He continued, however, to work on hopefully, and contemplated making another visit to Rome this autumn, to carry out a design for a series of landscapes illustrative of the rise, grandeur, and decay of Rome, which he had long had in contemplation. To this series his 'Coliseum,' shrouded in gloom and shadow, with malarial mists veiling its base, would have formed, as he intended, the appropriate close.

Mr. Bridell died of consumption at the early age of thirty-two. His frame, naturally sensitive and delicate, had, we fear, been overtasked. In his passionate enjoyment of his art he seemed to forget that the body has its claims as well as the spirit; and even after the dilated pupil and hollow cheek gave token to his friends of the insidious bane that was sapping his life, we have

known him go on working at his easel without intermission for periods that would have taxed the energies of the strongest man. Two of his latest pictures were painted for the last Royal Academy exhibition, but were returned. This, as all the world now knows, was no disgrace. Disappointment it certainly was. He bore it bravely, but we shall not soon forget the pang we felt when, as he showed us with a half timid satisfaction these beautiful pictures, and told us of their rejection, we looked at the worn face and the eager eyes, to which disease had already begun to give a painful brightness, and thought that this perhaps last chance of reading his success in the admiring eyes of his fellow-men had been denied him by the miserable selfishness of those who thrust out true Art from the walls of the Academy to make room for vulgar commonplace, and repetitions of effects that have been stale for years. It is easy to understand how little pictures, so full of bold originality, could be appreciated by those who have long since lost sight of nature in the tricks of a vicious mannerism. But in that great school of poetic landscape Art in which Turner, Constable, and Müller, are the leaders, and which has its representatives among Frenchmen in Daubigné, Rousseau, Français, Ziem, Flandrin, and others, Mr. Bridell had already taken foremost rank. Had he lived, he must have earned a European reputation; and numerous and fine as are the works he has left, his early death is, in the interests of Art, deeply to be deplored. We have only to add, that in manners Mr. Bridell was simple, amiable, and modest. Firm without self-assertion, sincere without being obtrusive, we can believe he was beloved by his friends, as most certainly he was respected by those whose knowledge of him was comparatively slight.

MR. GEORGE MOSSMAN.

By the death of Mr. George Mossman at the comparatively early age of forty, Scotland has lost one of her most enthusiastic and promising sculptors. Although born in Edinburgh, Mr. Mossman was early removed to Glasgow, where he commenced his artistic career under his father, who had been, we believe, a pupil of Chantrey. After studying for a length of time in one of the local schools of Art, Mr. Mossman produced some sketches in plaster, indicating so great an aptitude on the part of the young artist, that a wider field was sought for the development of his capabilities. He was accordingly entered a student of the Royal Academy, where he laboured hard for three years, carrying off in that time the highest prize for modelling the academy had to bestow. During his residence in London, Mr. Mossman received the most flattering recognition of his powers, not only from Behnes and Foley, under both of whom he studied, but from Woolner and Millais, who were at this time fellow-students along with him. The earnest night and day application, however, with which he pursued the study of his Art, told seriously upon an organisation never very robust. The result was, that after his return to the North—rest and quiet being pronounced indispensable—Mr. Mossman scarcely handled a chisel for the space of four or five years. Meanwhile he had joined his studio to that of his accomplished elder brother, John (the sculptor of the Peel statue in Glasgow), where he worked, as health permitted, diligently and lovingly, up to the last hour of his life. The amiable and child-like character of the man is reflected to some extent in the works he has left behind him—the chief of these being a life-size figure of 'Hope,' a noble statue, giving evidence of a true genius, but unfortunately only half finished, death having overtaken the artist in the very midst of his labour. Some of the smaller works of Mr. Mossman exhibit the same painstaking study, as, for example, a half-size figure of Hogg's "Kilmeny;" a group from Motherwell's poem of "Jeannie Morrison;" an exquisite group, small size, 'The Wayside Flower;' 'A Girl Bathing,' life size, &c. Altogether it may be inferred from what Mr. Mossman has done, that, had life been spared him for a few years longer, he would have had a fair chance of rising to fame in the higher regions of ideal sculpture.

C.S.L.

BRITISH ARTISTS:
THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. LXVIII.—GILBERT STUART NEWTON, R.A.



EWTON, like Benjamin West—a biographical sketch of whom was the last introduced into this series—came to us from America. He was born, in 1794, at Halifax, Nova Scotia, where his father held a post in the commissariat department of the British army. Newton was more fortunate than his countryman West, in that he met with no opposition in early life to the pursuit of what he had set his heart upon; for his maternal uncle, after whom he was named, Gilbert Stuart, a portrait-painter of some reputation in America, took his nephew to reside with him in Boston, and initiated him into the mysteries of his art. In 1817 he came over to England, left it again after a short residence, and went to Italy, returning to us in 1820. He then entered the schools of the Royal Academy, attending the classes there diligently and assiduously. Some critics who have written about this artist, speak of him as adopting the style of Watteau, but we can trace no similarity in his works to those of the French painter, except as to subject—garden scenes: in the manner of treating them we do not see the slightest resemblance. Among the earliest of his pictures which directed public attention to him, were 'The Forsaken' and 'The Lovers' Quarrel,' both engraved in the *Literary Souvenir* for 1826. A humorous scene from one of Molière's comedies,

'M. de Pourceaugnac, or the Patient in spite of himself,' was exhibited at the Academy in 1824, and another of a similar kind, called 'The Dull Lecture,' in the year following. But a work which attained far greater popularity than any that preceded it, was that engraved on this page, 'CAPTAIN MACHEATH UPBRAIDED BY POLLY AND LUCY,' from the *Beggars' Opera*, a drama which has entirely passed out of the repertory of modern theatrical managers. The gay highwayman, now a prisoner in Newgate, is visited there by two of his former female companions, and in answer to their reproaches or expostulations, he sings them the old well-known song, "How happy could I be with either." The picture, exhibited at the Academy in 1826, is quite Hogarthian in character, but has greater refinement of manner and expression. The picture was bought by the late Marquis of Lansdowne, not by the Marquis of Hastings, as stated by Mr. Sandby, in his "History of the Royal Academy," and is at the family mansion, Bowood House.

'The Prince of Spain's Visit to Catalina,' from "Gil Blas," appeared at the Academy in 1827, and was purchased by the Duke of Bedford for the sum of five hundred guineas: it was engraved in the *Literary Souvenir* for 1831. In the following year we find Newton exchanging the humorous for the pathetic in his 'Vicar of Wakefield reconciling his Wife to Olivia.' The passage illustrated is this:—"I entreat, woman, that my words may now be marked once for all: I have here brought you back a poor deluded wanderer; her return to duty demands the revival of our tenderness. . . . The kindness of heaven is promised to the penitent, and let ours be directed by the example." The spirit of the text is well sustained in this excellent composition; the good vicar's habitual kindly-looking face is turned almost to sternness while he rebukes his weak and vain wife for her unmotherly reception of the deluded girl, who stands by trembling at the recollection of her own misdoings and the misery she had entailed upon her home. This picture was also bought by the Marquis of Lansdowne, and is at Bowood.

In the year that witnessed the exhibition of this work, Newton was elected an Associate of the Academy. The first picture contributed by him



Engraved by]

CAPTAIN MACHEATH UPBRAIDED BY POLLY AND LUCY.

[W. Green.

after his attaining that rank, was, 'Camilla introduced to Gil Blas at the Inn.' "At the moment my landlord entered my chamber with a flambeau in his hand, lighting in a lady, who seemed more beautiful than young, and very richly dressed; she was supported by an old squire, and a little Moorish page carried her train." The subject does not afford much scope

for the delineation of character, but the artist has well used what there is, while he has availed himself of the opportunities afforded by the rich and varied costumes of the figures to employ great brilliancy of colour.

'Shylock and Jessica,' the former giving to the latter the keys of his house, was exhibited in 1830, a picture in which the two characters are

well delineated, and are painted with great care and delicacy. It was bought by the late Speaker of the House of Commons, the Right Hon. H. Labouchere, who placed it in his country mansion at Stoke, near Windsor. In the adjoining room to that wherein it hung at the Academy, was another picture by Newton, 'Yorick and the Grisette,' the same which is now in the Vernon Collection at Kensington: it was engraved some years ago in the *Art-Journal*. A third painting was also contributed that year, the 'Abbot Boniface,' of Scott's "Monastery." "He was gazing indolently on the fire, partly engaged in meditation on his past and present fortunes, partly occupied by endeavouring to trace towers and steeples in the red embers." Leslie relates an anecdote relating to this picture, which, by the

way, is a capital realisation of the jovial ecclesiastic. Newton was intimate with Sydney Smith, and, writes Leslie, "I happened to be in Newton's room when Mr. Smith came in to sit for his portrait. He looked, in the arm chair, very like Newton's picture of 'Abbot Boniface,' and indeed he suspected Newton of taking a hint for the portly figure of the abbot from him. 'I sit here,' he said, 'a personification of piety and abstinence.'"

'Portia and Bassanio,' now national property, the gift of Mr. Sheepshanks, was contributed to the Academy in 1831, in company with another, one of our engraved illustrations, 'LEAR ATTENDED BY CORDELIA AND THE PHYSICIAN.'

This is by far the most important picture of a historical character painted



Engraved by]

LEAR ATTENDED BY CORDELIA AND THE PHYSICIAN.

[W. Green.

by Newton. Shakspeare represents the king on a bed in a tent in the French camp, but the artist has adopted the situation in which he is generally "put on" the stage, and has seated him in a chair. The grouping of the three figures is fine and dramatic, yet natural. The sad, earnest, and inquiring face of Cordelia is turned upwards to the physician, as if she would read in his countenance the result of her father's malady, mental and bodily; there is an appeal from her loving heart, showing itself in looks more eloquent than words, that he would not, by any unfavourable expression of professional opinion, cast aside all hope of recovery. It is no small proof of Newton's powers, that with such a tendency to humour as most of his works display, he could throw so much true pathos and deep feeling as

this picture exhibits. The light and shade are managed with great skill; the former falling most effectively on all the heads, so that the expression of each is seen at once.

'THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD AND HIS FAMILY,' is engraved from a picture in the possession of Mr. S. C. Hall. We have no record of its date, nor of its having ever been exhibited. It is evidently a comparatively early work; but is a well-arranged composition, excellent in colour, and the sentiment of the subject is cleverly sustained.

In 1832 Newton was elected a member of the Royal Academy, but he only exhibited one picture, 'Abelard in his Study,' after he reached that position. Towards the end of the following year, he showed unequivocal

signs of insanity, and was removed to a private asylum at Chelsea, where his friend Leslie, who was in America when he heard the sad news, visited him on his return to England. "On calling to see him," writes Leslie, "in October, 1834, he showed me many pencil sketches, and one begun in oil. The subject of the oil sketch was the widow of Lord Strafford showing her son his father's portrait. He told me that Lord Strafford was not executed, but vanished from the scaffold, and was still living; that he was the same person as Lorenzo de' Medici, who had appeared in the world many times in different characters. With the exception of this flight his con-

versation was rational. . . . I took care that all the materials required for drawing and painting should be placed in his room; but he never again sketched or painted." Rapid consumption supervened on mental aberration, and he died in August, 1835, his mind having partially recovered its healthy state a few days only before his death.

Newton was not a painter of great originality or power; but his works are characterised by much elegance both in design and execution, and are most carefully finished, though not highly elaborated. His female figures, especially, are graceful in form and action—witness the two in the



Engraved by]

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD AND HIS FAMILY.

[W. Green.

'Macheth' picture—and in expression convey the sentiment they are meant to embody. As a colourist he must be placed in a high rank, his paintings

being, in general, rich, transparent, and harmonious in tone, and very effective in the distribution of light and shade. JAMES DAFFORNE.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

SINCE our last notice, the corridors of both Houses remain as they were. There are, however, nearly ready two or three panel frescoes, which will be placed in a few weeks. The light in these corridors is so defective, that some of the panels are in the dark, inasmuch that it would have been all but impossible to have painted them in their respective places. It is unnecessarily subdued by the windows being thickly impasted with white or grey paint. For this there is now about to be substituted coloured glass, which, as far as the pictures are concerned, will be no improvement, for when the sun throws the strong prismatic hues of the glass on the wall, the effect will be to reduce the pictures to mere black and white.

Mr. Maclise's picture of 'The Death of Nelson' advances steadily day by day. We described the composition at its commencement some time ago, from the finished study in oil, and it may now be said that certainly more than one-third, perhaps nearer a half, of the work is completed—the most wonderful instance, perhaps,

known in these days of rapidity in the unassisted labours of one man, for it must not be forgotten, that in the upper part of the picture, which consists almost entirely of the rigging of the *Victory*—not as she is now, but as she was in her sea-going trim nearly sixty years ago—the artist has not only had to address himself to a department of study to which he is a stranger, but to shake out of the dust of half a century the antiquated gear of our ships of the last war. We say that the labour of this part of the picture must constitute nearly half the work, for when Mr. Maclise is dealing with the material on the deck, he will proceed perhaps even more rapidly than he has done, as being entirely at home with the groups and figures. He works from his oil picture, which, having been most maturely considered, and as carefully painted as possible, he proceeds to transfer to the wall without faltering and without change. If there be any difference, the mural painting looks brighter than that on canvas. The extent of the picture is equal to that of the quarter-deck of the *Victory*, and all the figures are of the size of life. It would be difficult to assign a term to the labours of the artist on this production, but at the rate at which he works it

is probable that it will be completed at the end of the next summer.

Mr. Maclise, in his evidence in the late inquiry relative to the Academy, stated that he would be glad of assistance such as that of pupils of which the continental painters have so largely availed themselves in public works, but the training and condition of our artists in such aid is not to be had. Mr. Herbert, it has been stated, destroyed a very great portion of his work from the uncertain results obtainable by his method of working, that is, pure fresco. He has, therefore, adopted stereochrome, or a modification of it—the process of Mr. Maclise's practice. When we speak of "pure" fresco, we mean the application of the colour to the wall without the intervention of terra-verte, as recommended by Vasari. In Italy there are remaining but few "pure" frescoes, all having been painted on a wash of terra-verte, which renders execution on such a surface comparatively easy. The frescoes in the staircase of the House of Lords were painted, we believe, on a wash of terra-verte, but had they been even genuine fresco, we do not believe that even that would have saved them from the decay to which they are gradually yielding.

THE PROGRESS
OF
ART-MANUFACTURE.

ART IN IRON.

THE fine example of wrought iron-work we engrave on this page is from a design by Mr. Henry Shaw, F.S.A., and has recently been executed, under his superintendence, by Messrs. Hart and Son. It is scarcely necessary to add that the execution of this design is such as to bring out and to do full justice to the conceptions of the artist by whom it was produced. Our engraving, carefully executed after an excellent photograph, gives so vivid a representation of this very fine work, that any detailed or lengthened verbal description of it is rendered unnecessary.

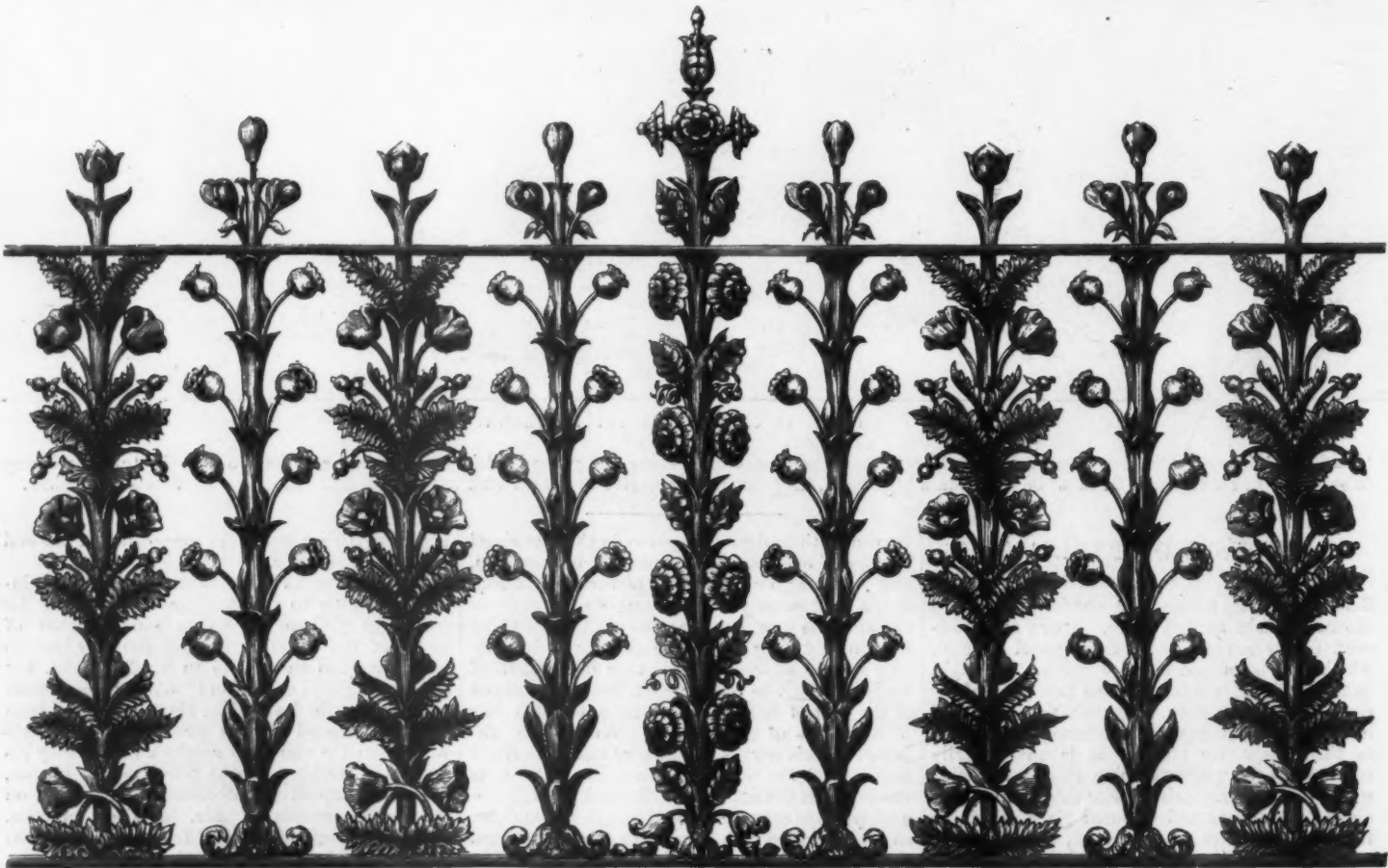
It will be seen that this elaborate railing, which was designed for the express purpose of surrounding an open-air monument as elaborate as itself, has very rich standards both at its four angles and also in the centre of each of its sides. The spaces between these principal standards are filled in with alternate branches of lilies and poppies, the emblems of innocence and sleep. And the whole is skilfully adjusted to form a single harmonious and well-compacted composition, of singular effectiveness and beauty in itself, and happily appropriate to the purpose for which it has been produced. We have regarded this beautiful piece of wrought iron-work with great interest, and we have sincere satisfaction in adding it as a fresh example of the combined action of Art and manufacture. So deplorably worthless are the great majority of what are called designs for metal work expressly intended to be decorative, that the appearance of true and pure Art in iron is doubly welcome. And not

only has Mr. Shaw, in this instance, produced an excellent design, which the Messrs. Hart have executed with perfect success, but we desire particularly to direct attention to the judicious adaptation of the details of this design to the distinctive qualities of the all-important material to which it was to be applied. This quality of appropriateness to the natural character of the material is one of paramount importance in producing true Art-manufactures; indeed, without this quality not only existing in a design but exercising a commanding influence in it, it is altogether impossible that any works of the highest order of excellence should be produced. Unhappily this condition of excellence is generally held in but slight esteem by our so-called designers, for this very significant reason—that in general they know little or nothing of either the practical application and working out of their own designs, or of materials and their processes of actual manufacture. Mr. Henry Shaw is a designer of a very different order from this. Accordingly, when he designed his iron-work, he was aided by a thorough knowledge as well of what might legitimately be wrought by the hand in iron, as of the means and processes for making wrought iron most effective and most beautiful. Hence this iron-work is much more than a very gratifying example of success in both designing and manufacturing: it suggests the right and the sound principle for successful designing in the hard metals, without any direct reference to the Gothic element—that grand master of artistic metal work. We have to thank Mr. Shaw and the Messrs. Hart, therefore, for both a specimen of what may be done, and an example of what habitually ought to be done, in iron-work.

The monument which is surrounded and protected by this fine iron grille, is placed in the cemetery at Finchley, where it commemorates members of the family of Mr. Farrer. The

carved work has been executed in stone and marble, and the memorial has been completed entirely to the satisfaction of Mr. Shaw, by Mr. Perrior, of Hammersmith.

Happily, Mr. Shaw and the Messrs. Hart have by no means executed a solitary example of true Art in iron, in the grille which has claimed from us a strong expression of our admiration, nor are they alone in the production of fine works of this class. This grille is simply an honourable specimen of the habitual practice of the artists who have produced it; and, in like manner, artist metal-workers of a high order are gradually increasing in their numbers. The precious metals and the hard metals are now beginning to be regarded, as they used to be in the middle ages, as equally capable of artistic treatment, each group of these materials having its own proper range of application, while with each certain processes are associated as peculiarly its own. In some few instances, indeed, the Art that is called forth in treating the hard metals elevates them almost, if not altogether, to an equality of rank with the precious metals; and occasionally, as in the instance of niello and damascening applied to steel, the metals of both classes share the action of the same processes. In the middle ages iron and steel were wrought with excellent skill and taste into objects that now are deservedly held in the very highest estimation. We rejoice to know that the metal-workers of the olden time have at length found followers worthy to succeed to their highest honours. It would, indeed, have been a positive disgrace to this age of infinitely varied manufactures in iron, had not modern iron-work been able to vindicate its claims to artistic distinction. A very great deal has been done and is constantly doing in iron-work without any Art, as in the construction of the Crystal Palace; but, on the other hand, truly artistic iron-work is also grow-



ing up on all sides, and gradually attaining to continually fresh degrees of excellence. We look for some new illustration of their strengthening powers as artists in iron from the Norwich producers of the "Gates," that were promoted from the Great Exhibition to the country seat of the Prince of Wales; and we also wait for another great work, in which iron shall be the predominant material, from the authors of the Lichfield

and Hereford screens. And so, in like manner, the many other fine works in iron that have lately been exhibited by different producers, lead us to seek for fresh evidences of efforts that have been crowned with more signal successes. Art in iron must be continually progressive—it must aspire always to attain to some still unattained excellence. As in the instance of the old iron-workers, so now also the requirements of ecclesiastical

edifices with their accessories are the great stimulants to artistic excellence in iron-work. In other words, it is the action and the influence of the Gothic spirit that is restoring iron-work to its old rank. The Gothic, indeed, specially delights in working in iron; and the iron, with becoming propriety, evidently reciprocates the sentiment, and rejoices in giving expression to Gothic designs.

PORTRAIT PAINTING IN ENGLAND.

PAINTERS, SITTERS, PRICES, AND OWNERS.

"How many portraits of one nymph we view,
All how unlike each other—all how true;
Arcadia's countess here in ermined pride,
Is there Pastora by a fountain's side."—POPE.

I AM greatly pleased with a preference given on a remarkable occasion by a distinguished author, well conversant with Art in every school and every collection. Two "invitations" arrived at his house, and by the same post: one was to the "private view" (so called) of the Turner bequest of landscapes real and poetic; the other was to my Lord Stanhope's collection (made under a vote of Parliament) of portraits of persons illustrious or notorious in British history.

Mark the reply:—I can see in the original, and at little cost, sunrises and sunsets, bright and hazy mornings, cold and sultry noons, sunny afternoons, dewy eves, pleasing twilights, and Melrozes by moonlight. I can conjure a Cuyt before me at the cheap cost of a couplet from Goldsmith—

"The slow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail."

I can summon before me, thanks to Thomson—

"Whate'er Lorraine light touch'd with softening hue,
Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew."

I can trace and enjoy "the mute unchanging glory of the eternal hills" at the price of a railway fare, "whether on business or on pleasure bent." Denham's couplet on the Thames I can carry on my tongue-top, and is better to me than any picture that can be given of the queen of rivers, by Creswick or photography. Most unquestionably I prefer Lodge's portraits of illustrious personages to Claude's "Liber Veritatis," and Houbraken's heads to Turner's "Liber Studiorum." In short, I take infinitely more interest in the "Stanhope" than I do in the "Turner" Gallery. You have sought my opinion, and I have answered. Happy in viewing either—happier among portraits upon panel than in the midst of landscapes upon canvas—more at home and with freer range among God's work with human faces, redolent with thought, than with trees, and skies, and enchanting distances, redolent with sunshine—happier far amid full-lengths and kit-kats than with Alpine and Apennine views, and the "Thames at Richmond" into the bargain. A portrait of Shakspeare "ad vivum," by Vansomer (to whom, by the way, he might have sat), "showing how he looked, and moved, and dressed," would be more to my taste, and would untie my purse-strings sooner to possess, than a view of Parnassus, painted on the spot by the poetic pencil of Poussin himself. What says, or rather sings in glorious verse, glorious John Dryden to Sir Godfrey Kneller, repaying the painter knight and baronet for his present of a copy of the head of Shakspeare, now at Lord Fitzwilliam's seat in Yorkshire:—

"Shakspeare, thy gift, I place before my sight,
With awe I ask his blessing ere I write;
With reverence look on his majestic face,
Proud to be less—but of his godlike race."

And what better can be said upon this point than what Walpole has said so well? Weigh every word from lips so authoritative:—"A landscape, however excellent in its distribution of road, and water, and buildings, leaves not one trace in the memory. Historical painting is perpetually false in a variety of ways—in the costume, the grouping, the portraits—and is nothing more than fabulous painting; but a real portrait is truth itself, and calls up so many collateral ideas, as to

fill an intelligent mind more than any other species of painting."

In this spirit I planned, under many Committee disadvantages, the famous (I may be permitted without boasting to call it) British Portrait Gallery, in the successful and remunerative Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition of 1857, and in this spirit of preference the reader of the *Art-Journal* will, I trust, go along with me.

There is a further fascination about portraits of importance, historical or domestic, that words have well described. Two of the most touching poems in our language owe their origin to the Muse of domestic life. Who has forgotten Cowper's verses on the receipt of his mother's picture:—

"Oh that those lips had language! life hath past
With me but roughly since I heard them last."

Or who that has read will readily forget the lines by Thomas Edwards "On a Family Picture":—

"When pensive on that portraiture I gaze."

A piece of self-sustained sorrow in verse not to be matched in the whole body—large and noble as it is—of English poetry.

Our earliest English portraits are naturally and unquestionably the portraits of our kings and queens. Is the face, I will ask, of the finely-wrought effigy of King Henry III., in Westminster Abbey, a portrait of that king? If it is, as I believe it to be, a likeness,—and Mr. Albert Way and Mr. Richard Westmacott do not shake their heads otherwise than approvingly,—we may safely call the Westminster Henry III. the earliest example we have of portraiture "ad vivum" in England. Any doubt, however, that may hang over the minds of the *Dirletons* in early Art (the few whose doubts now and then are better than other people's certainties) does not extend to the exquisite gilded effigy (recumbent) of Queen Eleanor (died 1291), on her tomb in Westminster Abbey—the work (the fact was unknown to Walpole) of Master William Torell, goldsmith—that is, as I believe, though antiquaries differ, Torelli, an Italian, a follower of the school of Pisano.

The Cassiobury portrait of Henry IV., from Hampton Court, in Herefordshire, is not to be neglected; still less so the panel portrait of Richard III. and others, at the Society of Antiquaries, and once in the Royal Collection. Careful photographs of these would repay publication.

I cannot (unwillingly I confess) look on the full-length of Edward IV. at Hampton Court as a genuine portrait, though a picture (a copy and its origin known) that entitles it to be well taken care of. Nor can I look on the so-called Caxton and Edward IV. in the Lambeth MS. as genuine; the kneeling figure is not Caxton certainly. My friend and schoolfellow, the late Mr. Hudson Turner (with whom so much knowledge died), used to ridicule the supposition. The supposed bones of Edward V., found in the Tower in the reign of Charles II., and buried in a Wren sarcophagus by that king, are as fabulous as the Lambeth portraiture.

Numismatists and collectors of coins assure us (and there is no reason that I can see to doubt their accuracy) that the earliest portrait of an English sovereign on an English coin is the profile on the coin of King Henry the Seventh. And here I will ask, was the Strawberry Hill "pensive portrait" of the victor of Bosworth genuine? I think not; but this is a point on which Mr. Albert Way, Mr. Fairholt, and Mr. Farrer are fully entitled to be heard. Can I tempt them into a "printed" opinion on this subject, and in the columns of the *Art-Journal*?

The face and figure of Henry VIII. are as well known to us as if we had seen him in

the flesh at Westminster or Whitehall, at Greenwich, at Eltham, or at Hever. Holbein has given us Harry to the life. You may see King Harry at Windsor Castle, Warwick Castle, and at Kimbolton Castle—better still, I think, at Petworth. His court might be made more familiar to the public, were her Majesty to permit the wonderful Holbein black and red chalk drawings of the Tudor worthies to be seen next summer on the walls of the British Institution. Holbein is imperfectly understood in England, and very few persons indeed have ever seen these Holbein heads. The engravings made of them in the last century by Chamberlayne lack every Holbein quality.

King Edward VI. is to be seen at Windsor and at Petworth, not at Bridewell and Christ's Hospital. Philip and Mary, "cooing and billing" (as Butler humorously has it), may be seen at Woburn (the Duke of Bedford's). Mary herself is to be seen, to perfection, at the Society of Antiquaries. Happily Mr. Henry Shaw (our more than modern Vertue) has preserved the Lucas de Heere to us in coloured copies of marvellous accuracy, price (I will take this opportunity of observing) only three guineas each.

The serial portraits of Scottish kings at Holyrood, from Fergus to—(anybody), have long afforded laughter to the English—the painter and the porter at the palace are said to have sat alternately for them. One good picture is now (1863), however, at Holyrood—the famous kneeling portrait of King James III., with St. Andrew superintending the royal devotions. This picture, and its companion of his queen, was, on the earnest petition of the Scottish people, restored to the Land of Cakes. Hampton Court visitors cannot have forgotten these pictures.

The face of Queen Elizabeth is familiar to every student of English history.

The broken and unique coin of Queen Bess, designed to pass current among her subjects, and on which the Rose of Tudor is represented with the "wrinkled care that youth derides," once a Strawberry Hill curiosity, is now, fitly enough, one of the many treasures of the coin-room in the British Museum.

Elizabeth was particular about her portraiture. Five years before the Armada threatened England, her Majesty, by her royal sign manual, gave a monopoly of making the graven image of her person to her servant and serjeant painter, George Gower, one artist alone excepted, Nicholas Hilliard, "to whom," so runs the royal will of Tudor blood, "it shall or may be lawful to make portraits, pictures, and proportions of Our Body and Person, in small compass in limning only, and not otherwise."

"One would not sure be frightful when one's dead,
And, Betty—give this cheek a little red,"

were the dying wishes of Mrs. Oldfield, the actress, as versified by Pope. I will not look unlovely, even on my own coin, was the imperial command of "England's Elizabeth."

By far the best portrait of Queen Elizabeth is the ermine-and-rainbow portrait at Hatfield. There is an excellent engraving of it. Visitors to Abbotsford will recollect the pen-and-ink representation of her Majesty dancing "high and disposedly," made for Sir Walter Scott, from Melville's Memoirs, by his friend (the Walpole of Scotland) Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

With the accession of the House of Stuart to our English throne, a new race of painters arrived in England. Our Stuart and Hanoverian royal portraits will form the subject of my next communication.

PETER CUNNINGHAM.

* This curious fact was first made public in that useful publication called *Notes and Queries*.

HYMNS IN PROSE.*

ASSOCIATED, and most pleasantly, with the days of our childhood have ever been Mrs. Barbauld's simple yet beautiful "Hymns for Children." Among all the books for children which the last half-century has set forth, there is not one more suited to their understanding, more attractive in



nishing quite a study of natural history for the child. Every one who knows these writings must remember how Mrs. Barbauld draws her pictures in immediate contrast to each other, the same scene being described under different aspects, night and day, storm and sunshine, summer and winter. On opposite pages the same plan is fre-

subject, fuller of true wisdom, or richer in poetic feeling than these delightful prose hymns.

What would we not have given when a boy for such an edition as Mr. Murray has sent into the world?—a book in which every page is adorned with engravings of the very best character, illustrating with almost singular aptitude the words of the text—landscapes, figure-subjects, animals, plants, and trees, a most charming variety, fur-

quently carried out here by the illustrators, and it is surprising how much of variety is given to the pictorial landscape by this different mode of treatment, the same localities being scarcely recognisable, at first sight, under change of circumstances. The artists employed on the designs are Messrs. R. Barnes, W. S. Coleman, T. Kennedy,



and E. M. Wimperis, all of whom, with the exception of the first mentioned, are well known as most skilful draughtsmen on wood, while Mr. Barnes proves himself a right worthy coadjutor of the others. The engravings have been entirely

* HYMNS IN PROSE FOR CHILDREN. By Mrs. BARBAULD, author of "Lessons for Children." Published by John Murray, London.

executed by Mr. James D. Cooper, whose high reputation—as the specimens we are permitted to introduce abundantly show—will not suffer by his work.

There seems to be no probability that our old friend Mrs. Barbauld will pass into oblivion while this beautiful edition of her hymns may be had for seven shillings and sixpence.

PICTURE SALES.

It is rarely we are called upon at this time of the year to report the sale of an important collection of pictures, but the dispersion, in November last, of Mr. A. Grant's gallery of modern paintings and drawings, about one hundred and fifty in number, demands a notice. The sale took place in the rooms of Messrs. Christie and Co.

Mr. Grant, who resided, we believe, at Kensington Gate, brought his pictures into the market in consequence of leaving his house. Among the works were a few only by our leading painters, but the collection generally was good and very varied. The principal lots were:—
 'Little Red Riding-Hood,' H. Le Jeune, A.R.A., 40 gs. (Brown); 'The Haymaker—Raking,' G. E. Hicks, 40 gs. (Hooper); 'The Haymaker—Making,' G. E. Hicks, £40 (Gibbons); 'Emmerich, on the Rhine,' G. C. Stanfield, 47 gs. (Hall); 'Friends in Adversity,' T. Brooks, 71 gs. (Moore); 'A Soldier's Tent,' E. M. Ward, R.A., 31 gs. (Peacock); 'The Rose of England,' C. Baxter, 67 gs. (Hall); 'The Quarrelsome Neighbour,' the late W. H. Knight, 115 gs. (Hooper); 'Sheep in a Landscape,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 55 gs. (Moore); 'Cows in a Landscape,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 61 gs. (Moore); 'A Wiltshire Well,' G. Earl, 42 gs. (Cox); 'Prospero, Miranda, and Caliban,' C. Roit, 38 gs. (Clark); 'Looking Seaward,' C. S. Litterdale, 37 gs. (Peacock); 'Genoa by Moonlight,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., 35 gs. (Moore); 'A Breezy Day off Harwich,' G. Chambers, 35 gs. (Cox); 'On the Hudson River,' L. R. Mignot, 35 gs. (Caverhill); 'The Boat-builder,' W. Hemsley, 58 gs. (Hall); 'By the Wayside—a Tranquil Stream,' T. Creswick, R.A., 138 gs. (Cox); 'Hot Water, Sir!' W. P. Frith, R.A., the engraved picture, 105 gs. (Gibbons); 'Landscape—Sunset,' Sir A. W. Callcott, R.A., 65 gs. (Hall); 'The Guardian and his Flock,' Verboeckhoven, 191 gs. (Cox); 'The Dinner Hour,' G. Hardy, 40 gs.; 'Breakfast Time,' the companion, 43 gs. (both bought by W. Peacock); 'Robespierre receives Letters from the Friends of his Victims,' W. H. Fisk, 70 gs. (Currie); 'At the Opera,' T. Brooks, 40 gs. (White); 'From the Hill Side,' the late W. Duffield, 240 gs. (Webb); 'Beggar my Neighbour,' E. Nicol, R.S.A., 50 gs. (Fitzpatrick); 'Edinburgh Castle,' D. Roberts, R.A., 255 gs. (Hooper); 'Blowing a Gale,' Koekkoek, 70 gs. (Delafield); 'A Gipsy's Encampment,' Sir A. Callcott, R.A., and F. Goodall, A.R.A., 90 gs. (Rhodes); 'The Bride's Departure,' G. E. Hicks, 145 gs. (Gilbert); 'Ripe Fruit,' G. Lance, 75 gs. (Cox); 'The Harvest Home,' in water-colours, W. Goodall, 103 gs.; 'Oh, how pretty!' W. C. T. Dobson, A.R.A., 230 gs.; 'A Calm,' Koekkoek, 70 gs. (Delafield); 'The Toilet,' A. L. Egg, R.A., 58 gs. (Haynes); 'A Signal on the Horizon,' J. C. Hook, R.A., 425 gs. (Moore); 'Going to the Highland Kirk,' T. Brooks, 125 gs. (Hicks); 'The Water Signal,' T. Creswick, R.A., 110 gs. (Gibbons); 'The Old Noblesse in the Conciergerie,' W. H. Fisk, 155 gs. (Haynes); 'A Fruit Market by Night,' Van Schendel, 130 gs. (Cox); 'The Lost Change,' the late W. H. Knight, 191 gs. (Hooper); 'Sheep in a Landscape,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 70 gs. (Hall); 'Pallanza,' J. B. Pyne, 80 gs. (Moore); 'Prizes from the Sea,' G. Lance, 60 gs. (Currie); 'Rouen Cathedral,' F. and E. Goodall, 70 gs. (Cox); 'Amy Robsart, Janet, and her Father,' T. P. Hall, 60 gs. (Herring); 'The Outrage on Sir John Coventry,' T. H. Maguire, 235 gs. (Scott); 'Bed-time,' W. P. Frith, R.A., 560 gs. (Webster); 'After Drill,' H. Le Jeune, A.R.A., 103 gs. (Gibbons); 'Lago Maggiore—Under the Vine,' G. E. Hering, 49 gs. (Haynes); 'Castello d'Angeria,' J. B. Pyne, 80 gs. (Moore); 'The Cooling Stream,' J. C. Hook, R.A., 240 gs. (Moore); 'Love me, love my Dog!' C. Baxter, 132 gs. (Hooper); 'Sorting Letters,' F. Wyburd, 120 gs. (Gilbert); 'Sheep in a Landscape,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 82 gs. (Morby); 'What ails the Old Dog?' T. P. Hall, 60 gs. (Scott); 'Blowing Hard,' G. Chambers, 90 gs. (Cox); 'Lago del Sierra, Lombardy,' G. E. Hering, 80 gs. (Moore); 'A Letter from Papa,' F. Goodall, A.R.A., 165 gs. (Leggatt). The amount realised reached £8,412.

LAYS OF THE SCOTTISH CAVALIERS.*

Side by side with the illustrated edition of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome" must be placed this edition of Professor Aytoun's "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," which, in number, variety, and beauty of illustration, certainly bears away the palm from the other. Nearly seventy engravings, including head-pieces and tail-pieces, are interspersed throughout the volume, the figure-subjects drawn by Noel Paton, R.S.A., the landscapes by his younger brother, Waller H. Paton.

The first of the principal engravings represents Randolph Murray, Captain of the City Band, marching out of Edinburgh to meet the Southerners at Flodden, a composition which, in manner, is not unlike Andrea Mantegna's triumphal processions. It is followed by the return of Murray from the fatal field, weary and wounded, to the city, a view of the high street forming the background, with groups of citizens looking anxiously and inquiringly upon him. The horse and his rider, in full war panoply, are finely drawn, their very attitude bespeaking the saddened condition of both. Even more powerful in expression than this is Murray showing the blood-stained royal banner to the elders of the city guild in their hall, while the wives and mothers of the Scottish soldiery crowd round the entrance to hear what they can of the news. The head of Murray is an admirable study. This plate and that just noticed, are exquisitely engraved by Mr. Thompson. Mr. Linton, too, has done ample justice, as the engraving introduced here shows, to the next—James lying dead on Flodden, in the midst of his fallen knights and nobles, a perfect chaos of mailed bodies, and broken spears, and shattered falchions.

The "Execution of Montrose," that dark passage in the history of the Covenanters, opens with young Evan Cameron standing by the side of his old grandfather to hear "How the great marquis died." In the next subject, Montrose going to execution, are two or three heads full of character. That immediately following, the Marquis praying on the scaffold, is more effective every way. The tail-piece to this "lay," Montrose's head on a spear, is a wonderful little bit of drawing and engraving.

The "Heart of the Bruce" is illustrated by several engravings. The first is the king on his death-bed, surrounded by his nobles, giving his last message to Lord James of Douglas. This is followed by a very spirited composition—the Scottish band, with Douglas in the foreground holding aloft the casket containing the king's heart, taking part with the Spaniards in an engagement with the Saracens. Another of this series, charmingly engraved by Mr. Linton, is the King of Spain bending over the body of the dying Douglas.

The "Burial March of Dundee" is headed by an engraving of the funeral procession of the chieftain, the body borne on the shoulders of four stalwart Highlanders, preceded by the pibrochs and surrounded by armed men on foot and horseback. Another illustration of the same subject is one of the two introduced here, Dundee leading the charge at Killiecrankie, where he was slain, a composition of remarkable spirit.

The "Old Scottish Cavalier," mortally wounded on the field of Culloden, is scarcely inferior to any in the volume, in feeling, expression, and grouping. The illustration of "Hermotimus," one of the Professor's minor poems, is a very beautiful composition of the old Greek type; and that appended to the verses called "The Buried Flower," though of a different character—a solitary figure seated before the fire in his study, musing on the past—is excellent.

The style of Mr. Paton's illustrations, of which we are able to point out only a few of the principal, is seen in the examples we are able to place

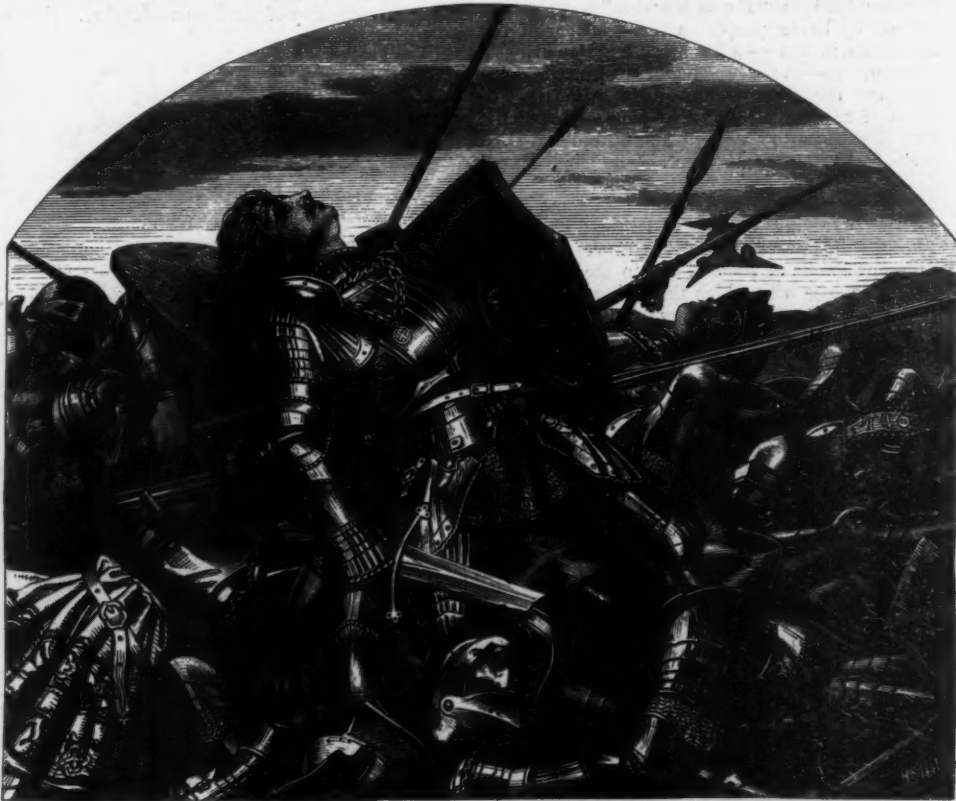
before our readers. The majority of them seem based upon that usually employed by the best

artists of Germany, but with greater richness in design, and with more freedom of pencilling.



"THEN OUR LEADER RODE BEFORE US."

They combine, in fact, the truth of drawing, and the deep feeling of the former school with the fertile invention, and picturesque manner, of our own. Of his brother's landscapes we have not



"COLD ON FLODDEN'S FATAL HILL."

spoken: they are, for the most part, vignettes—vastly to the interest and beauty of this most elegant and poetic little compositions—adding attractive and splendid volume.

* LAYS OF THE SCOTTISH CAVALIERS, AND OTHER POEMS. By WILLIAM EDMONSTONE AYTOUN, D.C.L., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. With Illustrations by J. Noel Paton, R.S.A., and Waller H. Paton. Published by W. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

HISTORY OF CARICATURE AND OF GROTESQUE IN ART.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A.
THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER XII.—The Dance of Death.—The paintings in the church of La Chaise Dieu.—The reign of Folly.—Sebastian Brandt; the "Ship of Fools."—Disturbers of church service.—Troublesome beggars.—Geiler's sermons.—Badius, and his ship of foolish women.—The pleasures of smell.—Erasmus; the "Praise of Folly."

THERE is still one cycle of satire which almost belongs to the middle ages, though it only became developed at their close, and became most popular after they were past. There existed, at least as early as the beginning of the thirteenth century, a legendary story of an interview between three living and three dead men, which is usually told in French verse, and appears under the title of "Des trois vifs et des trois morts." According to some versions of the legend, it was St. Macarius, the Egyptian recluse, who thus introduced the living to the dead. The verses are sometimes accompanied with figures, and these have been found both sculptured and painted on ecclesiastical buildings. At a later period, apparently early in the fifteenth century, some one extended this idea to all ranks of society, and pictured a skeleton, the emblem of death, or even more than one, in communication with an individual of each class; and this extended scene, from the manner of the grouping—in which the dead appeared to be wildly dancing off with the living—became known as the "Dance of Death." As the earlier legend of the three dead and the three living was, however, still often introduced at the beginning of it, the whole group was most generally known—especially during the fifteenth century—as the "Danse Macabre," or Dance of Macabre, this name being considered as a mere corruption of Macarius. The temper of the age—in which death in every form was constantly before the eyes of all, and in which people sought to regard life as a mere transitory moment of enjoyment—gave to this grim idea of the fellowship of death and life great popularity, and it was not only painted on the walls of churches, but it was suspended in tapestry around people's chambers. Sometimes they even attempted to represent it in masquerade, and we are told that in the month of October, 1424, the "Danse Macabre" was publicly danced by living people in the cemetery of the Innocents, in Paris—a fit place for so lugubrious a performance—in the presence of the Duke of Bedford and the Duke of Burgundy, who came to Paris after the battle of Verneuil. During the rest of the century we find not unfrequent allusions to the Danse Macabre. The English poet Lydgate wrote a series of stanzas to accompany the figures; and it was the subject of some of the earliest engravings on wood. In the posture and accompaniments of the figures representing the different classes of society, and in the greater or less reluctance with which the living accept their not very attractive partners, satire is usually implied, and it is in some cases accompanied with drollery. The figure representing death has almost always a grimly mirthful countenance, and appears to be dancing with good will. The most remarkable early representation of the Danse Macabre now preserved, is that painted on the wall of the church of La Chaise Dieu, in Auvergne, a beautiful fac-simile of which was published a few years ago by the well-known antiquary M. Jubinal. This remarkable picture begins with the figures of Adam and Eve, who are introducing death into the world in the form of a serpent with a death's head. The dance is opened by an ecclesiastic preaching from a pulpit, towards whom death is leading, first, in the dance, the pope, for each individual takes his precedence strictly according to his class—alternately an ecclesiastic and a layman. Thus next after the pope comes the emperor, and the cardinal is followed by the king. The baron is followed by the bishop, and the grim partner of the latter appears to pay more attention to the layman than to his own priest, so that two dead men appear to have the former in charge. The group thus represented by the nobleman and the two deaths, is copied in our cut No. 1, and will serve

as an example of the style and grouping of this very remarkable painting. After a few other figures, perhaps less striking, we come to the merchant, who receives the advances of his partner with a thoughtful air; while immediately after him another death is trying to make himself more acceptable to the bashful nun by throwing a cloak over his nakedness. In another place two deaths armed with bows and arrows are scattering their shafts rather dangerously. Soon follow some of the more gay and youthful members of society.



Fig. 1.—THE KNIGHT IN THE DANCE OF DEATH.

Our cut No. 2 represents the musician, who appears also to attract the attentions of two of the persecutors. In his dismay he is treading under foot his own viol. The dance closes with the lower orders of society, and is concluded by a group which is not so easily understood. Before the end of the fifteenth century, there had appeared in Paris several editions of a series of bold engravings on wood, in a small folio size, representing the same dance, though somewhat differently treated. France, indeed, appears to have been the native country of the Danse Macabre. But in



Fig. 2.—THE MUSICIAN IN DEATH'S HANDS.

the century following, the beautiful set of drawings by the great artist Hans Holbein, first published at Lyons in 1538, gave to the Dance of Death a still greater and wider celebrity. From this time the subjects of this dance were commonly introduced in initial letters, and in the engraved borders of pages, especially in books of a religious character.

Death may truly be said to have shared with Folly that melancholy period the fifteenth century. As society then presented itself to the eye, people

might easily suppose that the world was running mad, and folly, in one shape or other, seemed to be the principle which ruled most men's actions. The jocular societies, described in a former chapter, which multiplied in France during the fifteenth century, initiated a sort of mock worship of Folly. That sort of inauguration of death which was performed in the Danse Macabre, was of French growth, but the grand crusade against folly appears to have originated in Germany. Sebastian Brandt was a native of Strassburg, born in 1458. He studied in that city and in Bale, became a celebrated professor in both those places, and died at Strassburg in 1520. The "Ship of Fools," which has immortalised the name of Sebastian Brandt, is believed to have been first published in the year 1494. The original German text went through numerous editions within a few years; a Latin translation was equally popular, and it was afterwards edited and enlarged by Jodocus Badius Ascensius. A French text was no less successful; an English translation was printed by Richard Pynson in 1509; a Dutch version appeared in 1519. During the sixteenth century, Brandt's "Ship of Fools" was the most popular of books. It consisted of a series of bold wood-cuts, which formed its characteristic feature, and of metrical explanations, written by Brandt, and annexed to each cut. Taking his text from the words of the preacher, *Stultorum numerus est infinitus*, Brandt exposes to the eye, in all its shades and forms, the folly of his contemporaries, and bares to view its roots and causes. The cuts are especially interesting as striking pictures of contemporary manners. The ship of fools is the great ship of the world, into which the various descriptions of fatuity are pouring from all quarters in boat-loads. The first folly is that of men who collected great quantities of books, not for their utility, but for their rarity, or beauty of execution, or rich bindings; so that we see that bibliomania had already taken its place among human vanities. The second class of fools were interested and partial judges, who sold justice for money, and are represented under the emblem of two fools throwing a boar into a cauldron, according to the old Latin proverb, *Agere aprum in lebetem*. Then come the various follies of misers, fops, dotards, men who are foolishly indulgent to their children, mischief-makers, and despisers of good advice; of nobles and men in power; of the profane and the im-provident; of foolish lovers; of extravagant eaters and drinkers, &c., &c. Foolish talking, hypocrisy, frivolous pursuits, ecclesiastical corruptions, impudicity, and a great number of other vices as well as follies, are duly passed in review, and are represented in various forms of satirical caricature, and sometimes in simpler unadorned pictures. Thus the foolish valuers of things are represented by a fool holding a balance, one scale of which contains the sun, moon, and stars, to represent heaven and heavenly things, and the other a castle and fields, to represent earthly things, the latter scale overweighing the other; and the procrastinator is pictured by another fool, with a parrot perched on his head, and a magpie on each hand, all repeating *cras, cras, cras* (to-morrow). Our cut No. 3 represents a group of disturbers of church service. It was a common practice in former days to take to church hawks (which were constantly carried about as the outward ensign of the gentleman) and dogs. The fool has here thrown back his fool's-cap to exhibit more fully the fashionable "gent" of the day; he carries his hawk on his hand, and wears not only a fashionable pair of shoes, but very fashionable clogs also. These fashionable gentlemen, *turgentes genere et natalibus altis*, we are told, were the persons who disturbed the church service by the creaking of their shoes and clogs, the noise made by their birds, the barking and quarrelling of their dogs, by their own whisperings, and especially with immodest women, whom they met in church as in a convenient place of assignation. All these forms of the offence are expressed in the picture. Our second example, cut No. 4, which forms the fifty-ninth title or subject in the "Ship of Fools," represents a party of the beggars with which, either lay or ecclesiastical, the country was then overrun. In the explanation, these wicked beggars are described as indulging in idleness, in eating, drinking, rioting, and

sleep, while they levy contributions on the charitable feelings of the honest and industrious, and, under cover of begging, commit robbery wherever they find the opportunity. The beggar, who appears to be only a deceptive cripple, leads his donkey laden with children, whom he is bringing



Fig. 3.—DISTURBERS OF CHURCH SERVICE.

up in the same profession, while his wife lingers behind to indulge in her bibulous propensities. These cuts will give a tolerable notion of the general character of the whole, which amount in number to a hundred and twelve, and therefore present a great variety of subjects relative to almost every class and profession of life.

We may remark, however, that after Folly had thus run through all the stages of society, until it had reached the lowest of all, the ranks of mendicity, the gods themselves became alarmed, the more so as this great movement was directed especially against Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, and they held a conclave to provide against it. The result is not told, but the course of Folly goes on as vigorously as ever. Ignorant fools who set up for physicians, fools who cannot understand jokes, unwise mathematicians, astro-



Fig. 4.—MENDICANTS ON THEIR TRAVELS.

logers, of the latter of which the moraliser says, in his Latin verse—

"Signa vobis sortis pœnoscere damna futura,
Et vitare malum, sol tibi signa dabit.
Sed tibi, stulte, tui cur non dedit ille furoris
Signa? aut, si dederit, cur tanta mala subis?
Nondum grammaticæ callis primordia, et audeas
Vim cœli radio supposuisse tuo."

The next cut is a very curious one, and appears to represent a dissecting house of this early period. Among other chapters which afford interesting pictures of that time, and indeed of all times, we may instance those of litigious fools, who are always going to law, and who confound blind justice, or rather try to unbind her eyes; the filthy-tongued fools, who glorify the race of swine; of ignorant scholars; of gamblers; of bad and thievish cooks; of low men who seek to be high, and of high who are despisers of poverty; of men who forget that they will die; of irreligious men and blasphemers; of the ridiculous indulgence of parents to children, and the ungrateful return which was made to them for it; and of women's pride. Another title describes the ruin of Christianity: the pope, emperor, king, cardinals, &c., are receiving willingly from a suppliant fool the cap of Folly, while two other fools are looking derisively upon them from an adjoining wall. It need hardly be said that this was published on the eve of the Reformation.

In the midst of the popularity which greeted the appearance of the work of Sebastian Brandt, it attracted the special attention of a celebrated preacher of the time named Johann Geiler. Geiler was born at Schaffhausen, in Switzerland, in 1445, but having lost his father when only three years of age, he was educated by his grandfather, who lived at Keyersberg, in Alsace, and hence he was commonly called Geiler of Keyersberg. He studied in Freiburg and Bâle, obtained a great reputation for

learning, was esteemed a profound theologian, and was finally settled in Straasburg, where he continued to shine as a preacher until his death in 1510. He was a bold man, too, in the cause of truth, and declaimed with earnest zeal against the corruptions of the Church, and especially against the monkish orders, for he compared the black monks to the devil, the white monks to his dam, and the others he said were their chickens. On another occasion he said that the qualities of a good monk were an almighty belly, an ass's back, and a raven's mouth. He told his congregation from the pulpit that a great reformation was at hand, that he did not expect to live to see it himself, but that many of those who heard him would live to see it. As may be supposed, the monks hated him, and spoke of him with contempt. They said, that in his sermons he took his texts, not from the Scriptures, but from the "Ship of Fools" of Sebastian Brandt; and, in fact, during the year 1498, Geiler preached at Straasburg a series of sermons on the follies of his time, which were evidently founded upon Brandt's book, for the various follies were taken in the same order. They were originally compiled in German, but one of Geiler's scholars, Jacob Other, translated them into Latin, and published them, in 1501, under the title of "Navicula sive Speculum Fatuorum præstantissimi sacrarum literarum doctoris Johannis Geiler." Within a few years this work went through several editions both in Latin and in German, some of them illustrated by wood-cuts. The style of preaching is quaint and curious, full of satirical wit, which is often coarse, according to the manner of the



Fig. 5.—THE BOAT OF PLEASANT ODOURS.

time, sometimes very indelicate. Each sermon is headed by the motto, "Stultorum infinitus est numerus." Geiler takes for his theme in each sermon one of the titles of Brandt's "Ship of Fools," and he separated them into subdivisions, or branches, which he calls the bells (*nolas*) from the fool's-cap.

The other scholar who did most to spread the knowledge of Brandt's work, was Jodocus Badius, who assumed the additional name of Ascensius because he was born at Assen, near Brussels, in 1462. He was a very distinguished scholar, but is best known for having established a celebrated printing establishment in Paris, where he died in 1535. I have already stated that Badius edited the Latin translation of the "Ship of Fools" of Sebastian Brandt, with additional explanations of his own, but he was one of the first of Brandt's imitators. He seems to have thought that Brandt's book was not complete—that the weaker sex had not received its fair share of importance; and apparently in 1498, while Geiler was turning the "Stultifera Navis" into sermons, Badius compiled a sort of supplement to it (*additamentum*), to which he gave the title of "Stultifera navicula, seu Scaphæ Fatuorum Mulierum," the Boats of Foolish Women. As far as can be traced, the first edition appears to have been printed in 1502. The first cut represents the ship carrying Eve alone of the female race, whose folly involved the whole world. The book is divided into five chapters, according to the number of the five senses, each sense represented by a boat carrying its particular class of foolish women to the great ship of foolish women which lies off at anchor. The text consists of a dissertation on the use and

abuse of the particular sense which forms the substance of the chapter, and it ends with Latin verses, which are given as the boatman's *celeusma*, or boat song. The first of these boats is the *scapha stultæ visionis ad stultiferam navem pervenens*, the boat of foolish vision proceeding to the ship of fools. A party of gay ladies are taking possession of the boat, carrying with them their combs, looking-glasses, and all other implements necessary for making them fair to be looked upon. The second boat is the *scapha auditionis fatuæ*, the boat of foolish hearing, in which the ladies are playing upon musical instruments. The third is the *scapha olfactionis stultæ*, the boat of foolish smell, and the pictorial illustration to it is partly copied in our cut No. 5. In the original some of the ladies are gathering sweet-smelling flowers before they enter the boat, while on board a pedlar is vending his perfume. One *folle femme*, with her fool's-cap on her head, is buying a pomander, or, as we should perhaps now say, a scent-ball, from the itinerant dealer. Figures of pomanders are extremely rare, and this is an interesting example; in fact, it is only recently that our Shaksperian critics really understood the meaning of the word. A pomander was a small globular vessel, perforated with small holes, and filled with strong perfumes, as it is represented in our woodcut. The fourth of these boats is that of foolish tasting, *scapha gustationis fatuæ*, and the ladies have their well-furnished table on board the boat, and are largely indulging in eating and drinking. In the last of these boats, the *scapha contactionis fatuæ*, or boat of foolish feeling, the women have men on board, and are proceeding to great

liberties with them; one of the gentle damsels, too, is picking the pocket of her male companion in a very unlady-like manner.

Two ideas combined in this peculiar field of satiric literature, that of the ship and that of the fools, now became popular, and gave rise to a host of imitators. There appeared ships of health, ships of penitence, ships of all sorts of things, on the one hand; and on the other, folly was a favourite theme of satire from many quarters. One of the most remarkable of the personages involved in this latter warfare, was the great scholar Desiderius Erasmus, of Rotterdam, who was born in that city in 1467. Like most of these satirists, Erasmus was strongly imbued with the spirit of the Reformation, and he was the acquaintance and friend of those to whom the Reformation owed a great part of its success. In 1497, when the "Ship of Fools" of Sebastian Brandt was in the first full flush of its popularity, Erasmus came to England, and was so well received, that from that time forward his literary life seemed more identified with our island than with any other country. His name is still a sort of household word in our universities, especially in that of Cambridge. He made here the friendly acquaintance of the great Sir Thomas More. In the earlier years of the sixteenth century, Erasmus visited Italy, and passed two or three years there. He returned thence to England, as appears, early in the year 1508. It is not easy to decide whether his experience of society in Italy had convinced him more than ever that folly was the presiding genius of mankind, or what other feeling influenced him, but one of the first results of his voyage was the *Μωρίας Ἐγκώμιον* (*Moria Encomium*), or "Praise of Folly." Erasmus dedicated this little jocular

treatise to Sir Thomas More as a sort of pun upon his name, although he protests that there is a great contrast between the two characters. Erasmus takes much the same view of folly as Brandt, Geiler, Badius, and the others, and under this name he writes a bold satire on the whole



Fig. 6.—SUPERSTITION.

frame of contemporary society. The satire is placed in the mouth of Folly herself (the *Mère Folie* of the jocular clubs), who delivers from her pulpit a declamation in which she sets forth her qualities and praises. She boasts of the greatness of her origin, claims as her affinity the sophists,



Fig. 7.—PREACHER FOLLY ENDING HER SERMON.

rhetoricians, and many of the pretentious scholars and wise men, and describes her birth and education. She claims divine affinity, and boasts of her influence over the world, and of the beneficent manner in which it was exercised. All the world, she pretends, was ruled under her auspices, and it was only in her presence that mankind was really happy. Hence the happiest ages of man were infancy, before wisdom had come to interfere, and old age, when it had passed away. Therefore, she says, if men would remain faithful to her, and avoid wisdom altogether, they would pass a life of perpetual youth. In this long discourse of the influence of folly, written by a man of the known sentiments of Erasmus, it would be strange if the Romish Church, with its monks and ignorant priesthood, its saints, and relics, and miracles, did not find a place. Erasmus intimates that the superstitious follies had become permanent, because they were profitable. There are some, he tells us, who cherished the foolish yet pleasant persuasion, that if they fixed their eyes devoutly on a figure of St. Christopher, carved in wood or painted on the wall, they would be safe from death on that day; with many other examples of equal credulity. Then there are your pardons, your measures of purgatory, which may be bought off at so much the hour, or the day, or the month, and a multitude of other absurdities. Ecclesiastics, scholars, mathematicians, philosophers, all come in for their share of the refined satire of this book, which, like the "Ship of Fools," has gone through innumerable editions, and has been translated into many languages.

In an early French translation, the text of this work of Erasmus is embellished with some of the wood-cuts belonging to Brandt's "Ship of Fools," which, it need hardly be remarked, are altogether inappropriate, but the "Praise of Folly" was destined to receive illustrations from a more distinguished pencil. A copy of the book came into the possession of Hans Holbein—it may possibly have been presented to him by the author—and Holbein took so much interest in it, that he amused himself with drawing illustrative sketches with a pen in the margins. This book afterwards passed into the library of the University of Bâle, where it was found in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and these drawings have since been engraved and added to most of the subsequent editions. Many of these sketches are very slight, and some have not a very close connection with the text of Erasmus, but they are all characteristic, and show the spirit—the spirit of the age—in which Holbein read his author. I give two examples of them, taken almost haphazard, for it would require a longer analysis of the books than can be given here to make many of them understood. The first of these, our cut No. 6, represents the foolish warrior, who has a sword long enough to trust to for defence, bowing with trembling superstition before a painting of St. Christopher crossing the water with the infant Christ on his shoulder, as a more certain security for his safety during that day. The other, our cut No. 7, represents the preacher, Lady Folly, descending from her pulpit, after she has concluded her sermon.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

VENICE.

(FROM THE CANAL OF THE GIUDECCA.)

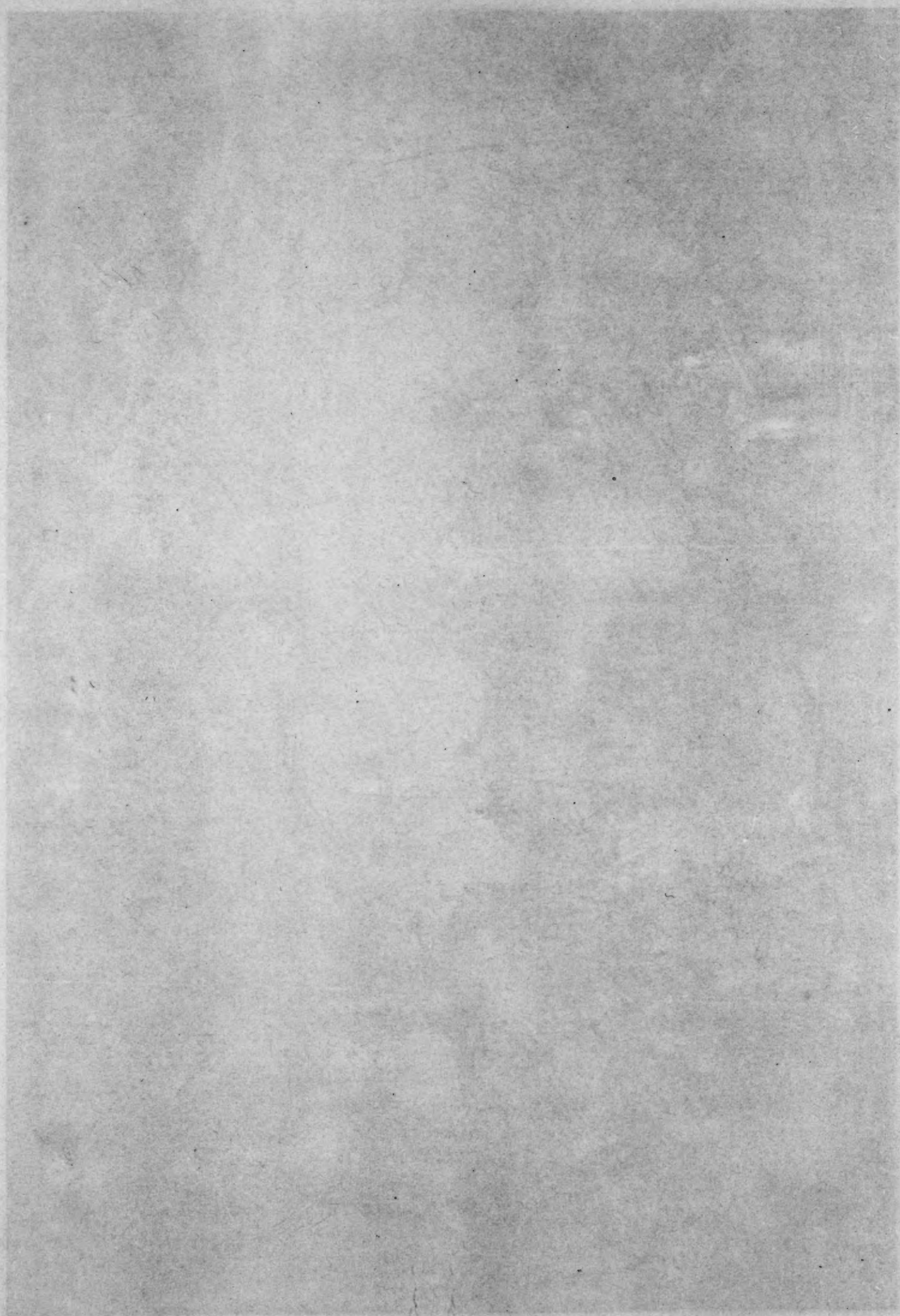
Engraved by E. Brandard.

It seems almost idle to speculate about what Turner would have done had he chanced to be born at Venice, when the illustrious city was in all her glory, and her no less illustrious school of painting was at the height of its fame. And yet one cannot but think his genius would have been developed in a very different way from that in which we see it; though, under any circumstances, it could not fail to strike out an original path of its own. He would never have been the rival of Titian, or Paolo Veronese, or Giorgione: the communings of Turner's soul were with nature, with the skies, and the ocean, and the rivers; with rocks, and woods, and flowery plains; not absolutely, or even in part, a man-hater, yet he adjoined in no small degree the society of his kind, his chief intercourse with men being through the works of their hands. He studied these, not themselves, except as pictorial aids; and a range of fine architecture, such as we see in his paintings of Venice, would be more pleasant to his sight than a whole conclave of philosophers and savans met to discuss an abstruse question of science.

After Turner's visit to Italy, in 1819, the style of his painting was entirely changed. The whole country, with its peculiar scenery, its noble edifices, and brilliant atmosphere, fascinated him, and seemed to turn the current of his thoughts, giving to them new, comprehensive, and magnificent ideas. Venice in particular filled his mind, and that glorious "city of the sea" became his vantage ground. What pictures has he not made out of that marvellous combination of palaces, blue waters, and clear transparent sky which there greet the visitor!—not realistic pictures like those of Canaletti and others, but canvases reflecting his own rich practical imagination, glowing with light and beauty. Here is another engraving from one of them, to be added to the list of those which have previously appeared in our journal: a picture resplendent with sunshine, and animate with the bustle of Venetian commercial life. The view was apparently sketched on the Canal of the Giudecca: to the left rise the towers and domes of the church of Santa Maria della Salute; beyond this we have a prospective view of the Ducal Palace, above which peep the mosque-like domes of St. Marco; and to the left of these the Campanile lifts its tall and graceful form. The foreground is occupied by a multitude of small craft, fishing-boats, fruit-boats, and small vessels laden with ordinary merchandise. The combination of *matériels* is most picturesque, and the whole is seen under an effect at once brilliant and beautiful. The work was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1840. It belongs to the collection bequeathed by Mr. Sheepshanks to the nation.

The church which forms so conspicuous an object in the picture was erected in 1632 as a thanksgiving offering of the Venetian people for their deliverance from a terrible plague, which had swept off sixty thousand of the inhabitants. The architect was Baldassare Longhena. Among the numerous fine works of Art that ornament the interior, are a splendid painting by Titian, "The Descent of the Holy Spirit," executed when the artist was in the full vigour of his powers, and one by Tintoretto, "The Marriage at Cana."

Of all the famous cities of Italy, Venice, next to Rome, has been for centuries the greatest point of attraction. Poets have sung its praises, painters have made it the subject of their pencils, travellers resort to it, even now in its fallen state, to see its wondrous monuments of Art, and to glide over its tranquil waters, beneath the soft beauty of an Italian sky. The days of the old doges, the war-galleys in which the men of Venice went forth to face her enemies, both Turk and Christian, her maritime power, are all gone for ever; but her palaces, her churches, and her pictures, remain to testify what Venice was, and to invite the stranger to examine and admire so much of what yet stands of the old magnificence of the city.



VIRAL

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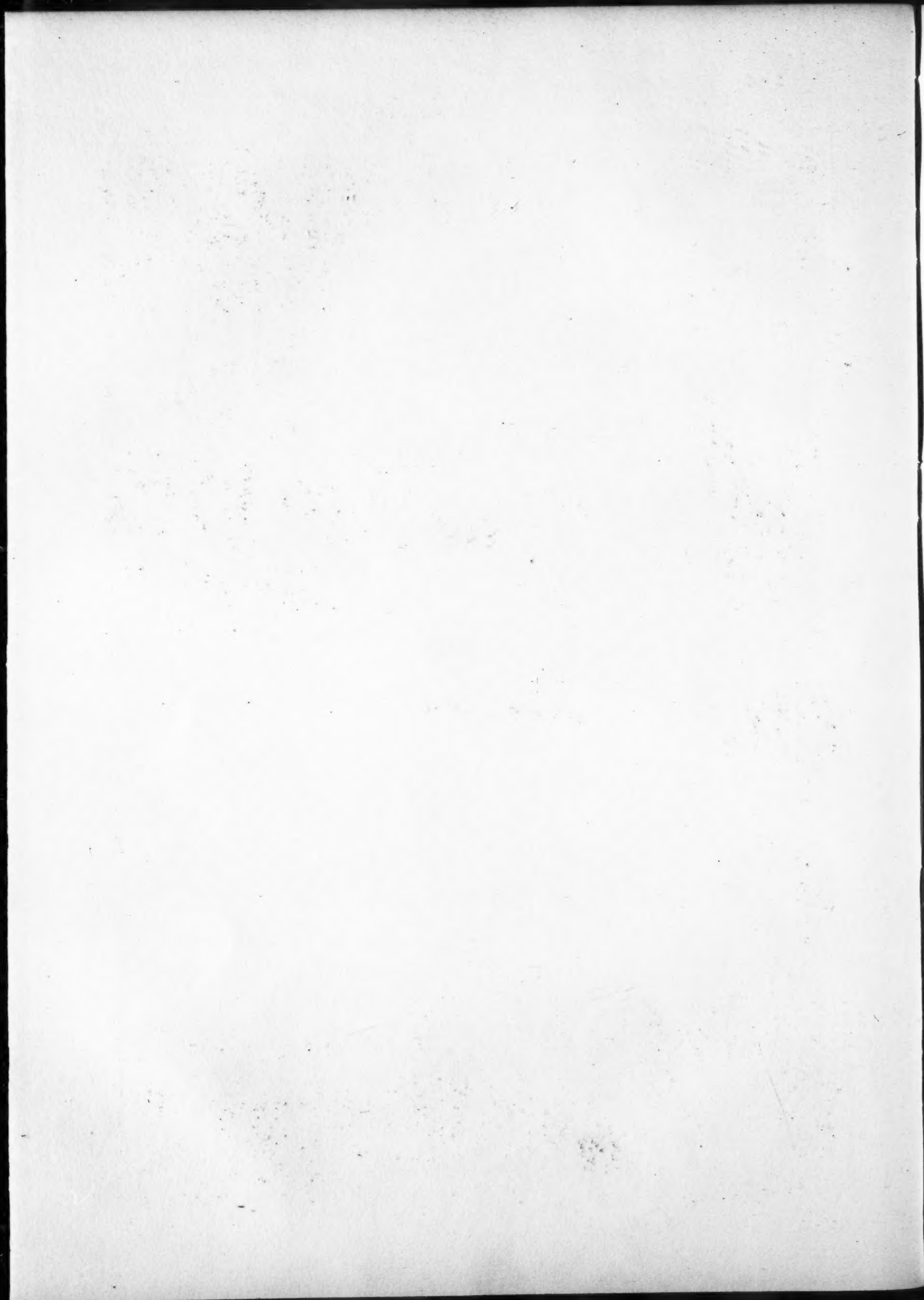
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J. M. W. TURNER. R. A. PINXIT

VENICE.
FROM THE CANAL OF THE GIUDECCA.

E. BRANDARD. SCULPT.



"NEW HALL CHINA."

A HISTORY OF THE NEW HALL PORCELAIN WORKS AT SHELTON, STAFFORDSHIRE.

BY LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.

Of the old porcelain manufactories of England few are so little known to collectors, either by record or specimens, or even by name, as those of whose history, so far as I have been able to trace it, I am about to present the following sketch to my readers. And yet, historically speaking, few works have played so important a part in the history of the fictile art of this country, or formed so interesting a link in the chain which connects the present high state of excellence and prosperity of that art with the olden days of patient trial and profitless experiment. At the time when experiments were being made in various parts of the kingdom, and when works were successfully carried on at Chelsea, at Worcester, at Derby, and at many other places, Staffordshire, long the great seat of the potter's art, had made no progress in the manufacture of china, and its production remained a sealed book to manufacturers in that county. It is true that one of its sons had made experiments about the middle of last century, and had produced some tolerably good pieces of ware, but no other attempt had been made to introduce this important manufacture into the locality which is now its principal seat, until the time at which my history of these Works commences.

The potter to whom I have alluded as having succeeded in producing china was William Littler, of Brownhills, near Burslem, and afterwards of Longton Hall, who, it seems, like many other pioneers of science and manufacture, sacrificed his patrimony in the cause, and found himself later in life rich in experience but poor in worldly goods. Some specimens of his productions, now in the Hanley Institution, are deserving of careful attention, and will have hereafter to be more specially noticed. To this gentleman, too, is ascribed the honour of first using the fluid glaze by immersion, which was afterwards so much improved upon by Enoch Booth. Despite Littler's attempts, however, Staffordshire produced no china until 1777 or 1778, when, as will shortly be seen, the Bristol patent right was transferred to the company which afterwards commenced the Works now under notice.

The New Hall works, it thus seems, were the first in which porcelain was successfully made in Staffordshire, and to them, therefore, must be ascribed the introduction of that art into "the Potteries" which has since become so famous and so extensive. To them also are to be ascribed many of the improvements that have taken place not only in the manufacture of porcelain, but of earthenware also.

In my account of the Bristol china works* I stated that Richard Champion, the patentee, who had purchased the patent right of William Cookworthy, of Plymouth, and had afterwards, despite the opposition of the Staffordshire potters, headed by Wedgwood, secured by Act of Parliament an extension of the term, sold the patent to a company of Staffordshire potters. This transfer of rights, it is stated, took place in or about the year 1777. The company consisted of six persons, viz., Samuel Hollins, of Shelton, Anthony Keeling, of Tunstall, John Turner, of Lane End, Peter (or Jacob) Warburton, of Hot Lane, William Clowes, of Port Hill, and Charles Bagnall, of Shelton. Of these six persons—all men of good standing and of large experience—a few words will no doubt be interesting and useful to my readers.

Samuel Hollins, a maker of the fine red-ware teapots, &c., from the clay at Bradwell, previously worked by the brothers Elers, was of Shelton, and was the son of Mr. Hollins, of the Upper Green, Hanley. He was an excellent practical potter, and made many improvements in his art.

Anthony Keeling, of Tunstall, was son-in-law of the celebrated potter, Enoch Booth, having

married his daughter Ann. Keeling succeeded Enoch Booth in his business, which he carried on successfully for many years. He erected a large house near the works, but, in 1810, retired on a small independence to Liverpool, where he died a few years afterwards. He was the principal support of a small sect calling themselves "Sandemonians," who had their place of worship in his works.

John Turner, first of Stoke, and then of Lane End, father of Messrs. John and William Turner, was one of the most clever and successful potters Staffordshire ever produced, but one about whom little has been written. Many of his productions in black and in jasper, &c., are quite equal to those of Wedgwood, and, indeed, are often mistaken for the work of that great man. Mr. Turner's cream ware, too, as well as his stone ware, of which his jugs are best known to collectors, rank high in excellence both of design and manipulation; but of these I shall have occasion to speak hereafter. In 1762 Mr. Turner commenced manufacturing at Lane End, and made many improvements in the art, and by the discovery of a vein of fine clay at Green Dock, was enabled successfully to compete not only with other potters, but with Wedgwood himself. Mr. Turner is stated to have been deputed, with Wedgwood, by the Staffordshire potters, to oppose the extension of the patent to Champion, as detailed in my account of the Bristol works.

Jacob Warburton, of Hot Lane, a man highly respected by every class, and who lived until the year 1826, was born in 1740, and passed his long and useful life as a potter, in which art he rose to considerable eminence in his early years in connection with his father and brothers, and later on his own account, and, in partnership with others, in the New Hall works now under notice. He was the "last member of the old school of potters, the early friend and contemporary of the 'father of the Potteries,' Josiah Wedgwood, with whom he was for many years in the habit of confidential intercourse and friendship. Numerous are the benefits which the public derived from the united exertions of the talents and abilities of these two venerated characters, on every point connected with the local interest and prosperity of the Staffordshire Potteries." Besides being one of the most clever and energetic potters, "he was a good scholar, and a man of pure taste; he had read extensively, and his memory was tenacious in a very extraordinary degree. He was equally distinguished for his moral and convivial habits of mind, for the soundness of his intellect, and the goodness of his heart. He spoke fluently the French, Dutch, and German languages, and was learning the Italian up to the very period of his death." He retained his activity of body and mind to the last, and, though eighty-six years of age, set out the day preceding his death to walk to Cobridge. He died while a friend was reading to him. Mr. Warburton, who was a Roman Catholic, was twice married. For some years before his decease he had retired from business, and died at his residence, Ford Green, in the parish of Norton.

William Clowes, of Port Hill, was a gentleman of property, and was, I have reason to believe, only a sleeping partner in the concern.

Charles Bagnall, of Shelton, was a potter of considerable experience, who had previously been with Joshua Heath. The family has been connected with Staffordshire for many generations.

The company, being thus formed, purchased the patent right from Richard Champion, who removed into Staffordshire to superintend the establishing of the new works in that county. The first operations of the company were conducted at the works of one of the partners, Anthony Keeling, at Tunstall, the pottery formerly belonging, as just stated, to his father-in-law, the well-known potter, Enoch Booth. Tunstall at this period was a mere small street, or rather roadway, with only a few houses—probably not many more than a score—scattered about it and the lanes leading to Chatterley and Red Street. To this spot, the forerunner of the present large and important town, Cookworthy's patent was brought, and here, with the experienced potters who had become its purchasers, and under the management of Champion, who had produced such exquisite specimens of Art at Bristol, and

who had been induced, as a part of the arrangement, to superintend the manufacture, the first pieces of china made in Staffordshire, with the exception of the trial pieces of Littler before spoken of, were produced. To accommodate the new branch of manufacture at Keeling's pottery, some alterations of course became necessary, and thus it was some little time before the partners had the satisfaction of seeing anything produced under the patent-right which they had purchased. Among the partners, too, some disagreements arose, which ended in John Turner and Anthony Keeling withdrawing from the concern, and about 1780 Keeling is said to have removed to London. This withdrawal and disagreement caused the remaining partners to remove their works from Keeling's premises, and they took a house in Shelton, known as "Shelton Hall," afterwards the "New Hall," in contradistinction to the "Old Hall," celebrated as being the birthplace of Elijah Fenton, the poet. At this time Shelton Hall, which had been purchased in 1773 of Alice Dalton, widow, who had inherited it from her brother, Edward Burslem Sundell, by Humphrey Palmer, was occupied by his son, Thomas Palmer, as a pot-work. In 1777 Humphrey Palmer, intending a second marriage with Hannah Ashwin, of Stratford-on-Avon, gave a rent-charge of £30 on the Hall and pot-works, and a life interest in the rest of the estate, as a dower to that lady, reserving the right for his son, Thomas Palmer, the potter, to get clay and marl from any part of the estate for his own use. In 1789, Humphrey Palmer and his wife being both dead, the estate passed to their infant and only child, Mary Palmer, of whose successor's executors, after some uninteresting changes, it was, as will be seen, ultimately purchased by the china manufacturers. At this time the works had been considerably increased, and they grew gradually larger, till, in 1802, they are described as three messuages, three pot-works, one garden, fifty acres of land, thirty acres of meadow, and forty acres of pasture, &c.

About the time of the withdrawal of Keeling and Turner from the partnership, and the removal of the works from Tunstall to Shelton, Richard Champion received through Burke, then in office, whom he had materially assisted in his election for Bristol, as spoken of in the account of the Bristol china works, and who had patronised his manufacture in that city, the appointment of Deputy Paymaster of the Forces. On receiving this appointment, in 1782, Champion, it appears, immediately left Staffordshire for London. The ministry soon afterwards being dissolved, however, Champion was of necessity thrown out of office, and soon afterwards sailed for America. He settled, it seems, at Camden, South Carolina, and died there in 1787.

Fairly settled in its fourth, and last, resting-place, the company who owned it—the patent granted to Cookworthy, and extended to Champion—took for their manager Mr. John Daniel, who afterwards became a partner in the concern. The firm, as at first formed at Shelton, consisted of Messrs. Hollins, Warburton, Clowes, and Bagnall, but was afterwards carried on by Hollins, Warburton, Clowes, and Daniel, as will hereafter be seen. A considerable quantity of china was produced under the patent, but the most extensive and profitable branch of the New Hall business was the making and vending of the glaze called "composition," made by the company of the materials to whose use they had the exclusive right. This "composition," made from the ingredients given in the specification printed in my account of the Bristol works, was supplied by the New Hall firm to the potters of the neighbourhood, and even sent to other localities, to a large extent, and at a highly remunerative price.

The ware made at this period will, on examination, be found to be precisely similar in body and glaze to that of Bristol, to which, from the fact of some of the same artists being employed, it bears also a marked resemblance in ornamentation. In 1796 the patent, which had been enjoyed successively by Cookworthy, Champion, and the Staffordshire company, for a period of twenty-eight years, expired; but the company continued to make the hard paste china, and to supply "composition" (many potters finding it

* Art-Journal for December, 1863.

more convenient still to purchase instead of make that essential) to other manufacturers.

In 1810, the firm—then consisting of four partners, viz., Samuel Hollins, of Shelton, Peter Warburton (son of Jacob Warburton), of Co-bridge, John Daniel, of Hanley, and William Clowes, of Port Hill—became the purchasers of the New Hall estate for the sum of £6,800. In 1813, Peter Warburton died, leaving his share in the works to his father (Jacob Warburton) and John Daniel, as trustees under his will. In 1821, John Daniel died, and two years afterwards Samuel Clowes died also.

In reference to one of the partners, John Daniel, it may not be uninteresting to state that he is presumed to be the son of Ralph Daniel, to whom the potters were indebted for discovering the system of making moulds in plaster-of-Paris instead of in brass, as previously done. Mr. Daniel is said to have visited the potteries and porcelain manufactories in France, and brought back with him a mould of cast plaster-of-Paris, which he showed and introduced to the English makers. The potters, however, knew so little of the process by which the mould was produced, that they got blocks of the gypsum of Derbyshire and cut their moulds in them! until it was explained that the gypsum must be first burnt and ground, and then cast. This circumstance is so graphically described in the "Burslem Dialogue," given by Ward, that I transcribe the few following lines for my readers' amusement:—

"Telwright.—That wur a queer trick, wur it no', o' Rafy Dennil's?"

"Leigh.—Dun yo' meon th' cause o' his gooin to France, or as ha he geet int' th' work haian theer, an seed'n aw ha they did'n wi ther ware?"

"Telwright.—Oi meon him foindin' aat i' whot wey they mayd'n ther mewds (moulds).

"Leigh.—That wur a fawse trick, for sartin, an o' gret yewse to th' treyde. Bu' wot a blunder th' mesters here mayd'n, when he sent 'em word abaot it!"

"Telwright.—Haa dust meon, Rafy? Oi am no' properly insens't on't."

"Leigh.—Whoy, yo' seyn as haa they geet'n th' plaster-ston fro' Darbyshur aw reet; bu' then, i' stid o' fust groindin it an' bakin into dust loike fleawr, an usin' th' dust wi wayter for t' cast on th' moddills, as they cawn 'em, th' mesters had th' raw ston cut i' shapes, an' tryd'n for t' mak things oof 'em; bu' they cudna. Then at last he sent 'em full word haa to dew it."

Hard paste porcelain, on the system of the patent, continued to be made at New Hall until about the year 1810 or 1812, when the bone paste, which had been gradually making its way in the district, finally superseded it, and the company continued their works on the newer system. In 1825, the entire stock of the concern, which had for a short time been carried on for the firm by a person named Tittensot, was sold off, and the manufacture of china, of any description, entirely ceased at New Hall.

The works, after having been closed for a short time, were next opened as an earthenware manufactory by Mr. William Ratcliffe, who, for a few years, continued to make the commoner description of white and printed earthenware for ordinary home consumption. The New Hall works next passed, in 1842, into the hands of Messrs. W. Hackwood and Son; and seven years later, Mr. Hackwood, senior, having died, they were continued by the son, Thomas Hackwood. The goods made by this firm were the ordinary descriptions of earthenware, principally for continental markets, and bore, for a mark, the name of HACKWOOD impressed. In 1856, the works passed into the hands of Messrs. Cockson and Hardings, who continued to manufacture the same descriptions of goods, using for a mark C & H. LATE HACKWOOD impressed on the bottom.

In 1862, Mr. Cockson having retired from the concern, the works were carried on by the remaining partners and present proprietors, Messrs. W. and J. Harding (Brothers), who now employ a large number of hands, and do an extensive continental trade with the markets of Holland and Italy. For these markets the essentials of lightness and durability, and consequently economy of material, are so fully carried out by this firm, that many of the pieces are so thin as to become semi-transparent, and so light as to admit of twice

the quantity of goods being exported for the freight of the ordinary classes. At these works, besides the cream-coloured and printed wares for foreign trade, druggists' fittings form one of the staple branches. Black, Egyptian, Rockingham, and tinted wares, too, are made here, as well as stoneware jugs, &c., of fine quality and artistic designs.

The earlier productions of the New Hall works, the hard paste, are of considerable rarity, and are to be found in the hands of but few collectors. They are almost entirely without mark, but I have in my own possession examples on which there is an incised letter N as here shown. The accompanying engravings, however, exhibit some authenticated specimens, which will be useful to the collector for purposes of comparison. The first engraving exhibits a remarkably fine and



into my own. The teapot was painted by Duvivier, a French artist of celebrity, who, along with Bone, of whom I have before spoken in reference to Plymouth and Bristol, was employed at these works. Duvivier was also at one time employed by Duesbury, of the Derby works. On the same engraving I have shown a cup and a saucer of excellent form, of twisted fluting, which are highly characteristic specimens of New Hall manufacture.

In the next engraving I have shown a jug, of excellent form, carefully painted with birds, and bearing in front the initials S D. This jug was made at New Hall for Sampson Daniel, a cousin of John Daniel, one of the partners, and is still in possession of his grandson, Mr. Daniel, of Hanley. The coffee cup and saucer, in the same

beautifully painted teapot in my own collection, which is worthy of very careful attention. On one side (shown in the woodcut) is an exquisitely painted group of children playing at blind man's buff. They are dressed in the characteristic and highly picturesque costume of the latter part of last century, and are admirably painted. What renders this group peculiarly interesting is that in the background is a view of a pot-work, with kiln, which may probably have been a representation of the works when this interesting piece was made. On the opposite side of this teapot is an equally well painted group of a boy riding on a dog, and on the lid are also two little figure vignettes. This piece, which it is fair to presume was the best the works could produce, was made for, and belonged to, one of the partners, Charles Bagnall, from whose family it passed more than half a century ago, by marriage, to a Mr. Sutton, from whose own octogenarian hands it has passed

engraving, is in the possession of Mrs. Davis, wife of Dr. J. Barnard Davis, to whose collection I shall have occasion again to refer. It is a good and characteristic specimen for comparison. In the centre of the group I have given one piece of a dessert service, belonging to Mr. Gray, which was made for Mr. Daniel, one of the partners, and purchased at the sale of his effects, now many years ago, by its present owner. The form, it will be seen, is remarkably good, and the ornamentation striking. Each piece bears a landscape, beautifully and softly painted by Duvivier. These examples will be sufficient to guide collectors in correctly appropriating the productions of these interesting works. The porcelain made at New Hall principally consisted of tea, dinner, and dessert services, of various designs; but



figures and busts, as well as vases, were also, to some extent, produced there.

The later productions of the New Hall china works, the bone paste, are also scarce, especially the marked pieces. The body is of good colour, and clear, and the decorations, especially the flowered examples, are remarkable for the brightness of their colours. The only mark used—and this was not, it appears, adopted until after 1820—is the one here shown.

Batt printing was practised at New Hall, and some remarkably good examples have come under my notice. In 1810, Peter Warburton, on behalf of the company of which he was a partner, is said to have taken out a patent "for printing landscapes and other designs from copper plates,

in gold and platinum, upon porcelain and pottery." The company was also among the first to adopt the improvements in printing on ware made by William Brookes in the beginning of the present century.

Having thus brought the history of the New Hall works to a close, it remains only to repeat that to these works, Staffordshire, the great seat of the china and earthenware trade of the present day, owes the introduction of that art which has been of such incalculable benefit to it and to the nation at large.

My next paper will be devoted to "Wedgwood and Etruria," in which I hope to some extent to supply the deficiency so long felt of a history of those truly important and world-famed works and their immortal founder.

THE DEPARTMENT OF ART
AND ART SCHOOLS.

THE CASE OF THE "MASTERS."

THE first-established schools of Art have lived through the management of three successive Government Departments, and have suffered in turn the experiments of each. The first provincial schools of Art were established in 1842, under a council of the Board of Trade. The council supplied local committees with all the materials necessary for the proper working of these schools, and gave the masters salaries varying from £150 to £300 per annum. In 1852 the Department of Practical Art was formed under the guidance of Mr. Henry Cole. It was decreed that masters of schools of Art should give some satisfactory test of their drawing, painting, and designing powers, and should receive certificates of competence, each certificate to have an annual value of £10, which was guaranteed to be paid so long as the master, after his appointment, performed certain duties. These duties were to teach in a certain number of poor schools at the rate of 6d. per child per annum, or £5 per annum per school; that he should teach a class of pupil-teachers at the rate of 2s. 6d. per annum; and, in addition, that he should teach a class of artisans in his central school on three evenings a-week at a fee of 2s. per month. So long as these conditions were complied with, the payments on certificates were declared "as certain as any other government salaries or gratuities." No master, even if he had more than five certificates, could claim more than £50 annually. This, however, was a fixed payment, and was quite independent of any results he might attain in his school. In addition to this "fixed" payment, masters were aided by certain "payments on results" obtained by his students in the annual examinations. These were made: 1. On the children in poor schools who passed in the annual examination—3s. was paid on each child who obtained the mark "good," and 2s. on each that obtained the mark "pass." 2. A payment of £1 10s. was made on each pupil-teacher in a National school who passed in the examination. 3. A payment of £5 was made on each student who qualified himself to take a "Prize Studentship;" this was done when he had taken a medal at some annual award, and had passed in an examination in four papers, viz., Freehand, Geometrical, Perspective, and Object drawing—£1 of this sum was paid to the school, and entitled the student to one year's free study; the remaining £4 was paid to the master. 4. From this class of free students, some could be taken as Art pupil-teachers, whose duties were to assist the master in teaching elementary classes. For this duty the Department made an annual payment of £20 to each student so chosen.

It may be remarked that the payments on poor children were sufficient to cause the master to interest himself in the more intelligent children; and this, at least, caused him to overlook the teaching in these poor schools. The number of prizes was enough to encourage the bulk of the children. The new minutes reduce this payment of 3s. and 2s. to a conditional payment of 2s. and 1s., and the number of prizes has lately much diminished. At the same time, the authorities of the primary branch of national education have decreed that they will pay their schools only on results in reading, writing, and arithmetic. The masters of these schools say naturally enough, that they cannot risk their payments from the primary branch for the always doubtful, and necessarily few, shillings offered by the Department of Science and Art on their drawing class. For this reason, the number of public schools in connection with Art-schools is diminishing. The number of pupil-teachers in those schools is also affected by the altered arrangements. They now only bring £1 to the Art-master, who instructs them at the rate of 2s. 6d. per year, instead of £1 10s. under the old regulations.

If the system of teaching drawing in poor schools at low fees was a good one, then it was worth the government subsidy; but if, on the other hand, it is not worth keeping up, it becomes an injustice to the masters of schools to make their claim for Art pupil-teachers de-

pend on the number of children in this section, which is a failing one, and one which masters, as a rule, regard only as a heavy tax on their time. The prize studentships are abolished altogether. This honour was, perhaps, one of the best rewards offered by the Department. The payment to the school, and the year of free study to the student, were sufficient inducements to stimulate both master and pupil to work up to the government standard. It was also a boon to the student to attend to his study for a year, free of cost. The substitution of local scholarships for Art pupil-teacherships is another mistake which will act seriously to the detriment of genuine artizan schools, when there is always, more or less, a large elementary class which receives its instruction from the Art pupil-teacher. The new appointment is made on consideration of there being a certain number of poor schools taught; viz.—for any number of poor children under 1,000, one local scholarship will be granted; for 1,000 up to 2,000, two local scholarships; and for every additional 1,000, one additional scholarship. No Art-school in the country has 3,000 children under instruction; therefore, under the new minute, no school will be entitled to more than two assistants; yet ten Art-schools found, under the late system, employment for three pupil-teachers. One of those, Dundee, had five. These schools must suffer from a deprivation of a third of their teaching power in elementary classes. The master will, in many cases, have to do the most elementary work, to the neglect of his higher duties, or his private study.

In connection with this part of the subject, a very objectionable method of payment is promised; which is, that the Department will aid these local scholarships by a payment to the school fund of 6d. per head per annum for every child taught drawing in a poor school, on behalf of whom the Inspector shall give a certificate. After the first year, the local committee must allot some portion, not less than £5, of the fees, in augmentation of these payments.

This change of name and office for the old "Art pupil-teacher" forces him to partake in the general uncertainties of the Department's arrangements. Firstly, he must have the children in the poor schools a thousand in number, before he can receive his £25; and secondly, the Inspector must give his certificate that they are taught.

The old certificate allowance is abolished. This was distinctly guaranteed on the performance of certain specific duties. These certificates, and the payments of £10 per annum on each, were the baits thrown out by the Department to attract teachers to their training school. They have served their purpose well. Men qualified themselves for teachers, and agreed to teach the various classes above mentioned, at prices that would never pay them for their time, on consideration that they would receive their very moderate certificate allowance, which thus came to be regarded as compensation money for the unremunerative work thrust on them by the government. The abolition of this certificate allowance has caused the deepest discontent, and on all sides we hear the protest of the masters in the country, whose very schools are threatened with bankruptcy, and their own resources much reduced by the injurious action of the new regulations.

These new minutes appear to consist mainly of abolitions, reductions, &c., and promise, in return for what they deprive the schools of, certain payments on "results." The first of these is £1 for every local medal taken by students. This changes the medal award, which should always be honorary, into one which no right-minded master will care to force in his school; for the student may justly suspect the master of a wish to benefit his own income, as well as encourage his pupil, if he urge him to compete for these honours. Then, a payment of 10s. will be made on each paper correctly worked at the annual examination. Another payment of £10 is promised if the master send in a report annually, and £15 is promised on every student who takes a master's certificate: a thing involving so much time and study on the part of both master and pupil, as to be almost impossible to be done. With all the advantages that are to be met with at the Central School at South Kensington—such as separate

classes for each subject, with a master to each class, the opportunity of studying all day in the schools—it requires two sessions of five months each before a student can take the first certificate. We must, therefore, look on this £15 as a payment so difficult and costly to win, as to become worthless as an incentive to masters of schools of Art.

The first impression that one has on reading the new minutes is, that no scheme more complicated could be devised for paying masters and aiding schools. The second is, that the Department of Science and Art intends to save money from these schools.

With respect to the saving and self-supporting principle which is so often enunciated from South Kensington, it is remarkable that, in proportion as Science classes have been forced into schools of the middle class, the Department has made corresponding efforts to cut down the expenses attendant on Art-schools. It has done this in many ways:—by raising the standard upon which the papers of students examined annually are judged; by giving only one prize for two examination papers; by reducing the number of £10 payments that can be claimed by a school on its success in the National Medallion competition. In no case can a school obtain more than thirty medals; therefore the masters cannot make up their lost income by extra exertion; and finally the award of medals and prizes is declared by an irresponsible Department, which is one of the two parties interested in the result.

The House of Commons hears annually of the great benefit the Art-schools have been, in raising the character of the Art-manufactures of this country, and appreciates the duty which it believes is honestly done by these schools, and proves its sincerity in this belief by granting a larger and always-increasing sum of money yearly for the furtherance of Art-instruction. It is therefore time that the members of the House who so recognise the high cause of Art should know how these magnificent grants are expended; and those engaged daily in the practical working out of the government system, as masters, are most anxious that a Parliamentary inquiry should be instituted, at which masters, committees, and students of schools of Art may be examined.

WILLIAM BLAKE.*

"I AM not mad, most noble Festus!" These are the words St. Paul addressed to two of the most learned princes of his time, "when speaking forth the words of truth and soberness," he asked of those who believed in no after life, "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?"

William Blake was considered by his contemporaries, generally, a visionary at best. There were not wanting those who looked upon him as a madman; why, it would now be difficult to say, except that he saw things that few had seen, and heard that which "no gross ear can hear."

It needed a kindred spirit to comprehend the man, and to make the world understand him. It was difficult to do the one, and harder still to accomplish the other. The "biography" furnished scanty materials: these were sadly scattered. During his sojourn on earth there were few who would have thought society could ever care to hear the story of his uneventful life—uneventful in all ways, except in that which seemed to constitute him a wild dreamer, whose genius was the issue of a deceased brain.

But William Blake—"Pictor Ignotus"—has been fortunate in his biographer, the late Alexander Gilchrist. Alas! that the word should be appended to a book that does honour to the mind and heart of a writer eminently qualified to rescue from oblivion the name of one of the most remarkable men that lived, and moved, and had his being, among the many great men who, early in the present century, glorified the intellectual world. The author and the painter are together

* LIFE OF WILLIAM BLAKE, "PICTOR IGNOTUS," with Selections from his Poems and Other Writings. By the late ALEXANDER GILCHRIST, Barrister-at-Law. 2 vols. Cambridge, McMillan & Co.

in that sphere which the one saw through a glass darkly, but of which the other had, perhaps, clearer, more distinct, and better defined ideas than have been enjoyed by any man, uninspired, since the age of the apostles.

It is the widow of Alexander Gilchrist who places this monument, in two volumes, over the graves of both. She has been aided in her task chiefly by Mr. D. T. Rosetti, whose generous assistance has been extensive and valuable, and by two personal friends of the painter, Mr. Samuel Palmer, and John Linnell, the artist.

Even at the outset of our notice, let us offer our tribute of grateful thanks to John Linnell. He is now prosperous and wealthy, made so by a late, but not too late, appreciation of his great merits. He takes rank as the foremost of British landscape-painters; but it was not always so. During many years of his career, he had to struggle against circumstances unpropitious. The flood that led to fortune was tardy in turning. He has lived to see coveted "at any price," the pictures that long hung neglected upon his own walls—collectors and dealers eagerly competing for the merest trifles from his hand, and valuing as treasures the possession of his more ambitious works. He was not in prosperity when he was the best, almost the only, patron of an artist, still poorer in worldly goods, whom he had learned to appreciate in his deadly struggle with adversity. Of all the buyers of Blake's works, Linnell was the only one who bought them without "haggling." When Cromek and others were bargaining for designs at one guinea a-piece, including engraving, his brother artist, then not much richer than himself, estimated them at their value, and paid their value for them. This was not the only way in which John Linnell did good service to William Blake: his house was offered to his friend when age and sickness came, and it was the shelter of his widow in her extremity.

We rejoice to know so much of the character of John Linnell, while he is yet among us; for we are justified in hinting that an impression is abroad, which the statements contained in this biography must entirely remove. May we not believe that this revelation of the character of the most successful artist of our time, accidentally brought to light, is but one of many generous acts of thoughtful benevolence and true charity the biographer of John Linnell, when his life comes to be written, will be called upon to record. At least, let it not be forgotten by his biographer (may the duty be long postponed) that John Linnell opened his purse and his heart to his friend William Blake—and that not for a season, but continually.

Blake was, indeed, rich in his poverty. There was no squalid misery about his home: he had a wife who worshipped him; who thoroughly believed in him, from first to last. He was not reduced so low as was James Barry, when painting the great works that adorn walls in the Adelphi; and he had true friends in kindred souls—Flaxman, Fuseli, Hayley, Varley, "few but fit;" but his life was a continued struggle with restricted means—no luxuries, few comforts, needing often, indeed, the necessities of life.

Almost to within the advent of this book, few knew anything of Blake, except that he was a wild dreamer, who made wild drawings and wrote crazy poems. His biographer justly terms him "Pictor Ignotus." Yet now-a-days there are tens of thousands who believe that Blake did actually see what he said he saw: that when he painted angels and spirits, they were depicted to his actual vision; and that he was neither a crazy enthusiast nor a cheat. It was the mystery surrounding him that chiefly made his name known to even the limited circle in which it was known: he was more talked of for his "visions" than for his works; and the best offering he could claim was thought to be—pity.

His biographer records of him, that when but eight or ten years old he saw his first vision. "Sauntering along by Dulwich Hill, the boy looks up and sees a tree filled with angels, bright angelic wings bespangling every bough like stars." For this "lie," he barely escaped "a thrashing from his honest father." For similar "lies" all through life, he was treated as a candidate for an insane asylum; and it was with such a "lie" on his lips he quitted earth, on the 12th August, 1827.

"He said he was going to that country he had all his life wished to see; and expressed himself happy, hoping for salvation through Jesus Christ. Just before he died, his countenance became fair, his eyes brightened, and he burst out into singing of the things he saw in heaven." His mortal part was interred at Bunhill Fields, in "an unpurchased common grave" (only a nineteenth shilling fee being paid); and the spirit of the great and good man, freed from the tabernacle that had been its dwelling for nearly seventy years, became the associate of angels with whom his sight and soul had been familiar from childhood to old age.

Blake is not to be esteemed only as an artist: he was a poet of rare order. Many of his lyrics would have done honour to Herrick or to Herbert; while among his hymns for childhood there are some that have a grace and pathos that Isaac Watts never reached.

How many pass daily by Fountain Court, in the Strand, thinking nothing, knowing nothing, of the high soul in his rich poverty—working day and night, his loving wife ever watchful by his side—earning barely enough for the actual needs of existence—living generally upon half-a-guinea a week, yet enjoying life as fully as any wealthy worker in any art—cheered by an intercourse with divine lights, inconceivable to those who are earthly of the earth! Here, at No. 3 in this poor court,* he produced works—drawings and engravings—of rare power. Full of discrepancies they may be; but they are worthy to take places beside those of the "masters," his predecessors.

A most sweet and gentle and loveable old man he was, who took with meekness the spurns of the unworthy, and went on working out his own lofty thoughts—living in real or in imagined intercourse with the great of all countries and ages. And who will grudge him his dreams? Whether he held daily talk with Homer, Dante, Chaucer, and Milton—whether King David and William Wallace sat to him for their portraits—matters little,—these and a thousand other high Spirits of his worship are now, at all events, his companions. Reason and Revelation alike teach us that a trustful, faithful, and happy life has been continued into another sphere.

Thus writes his friend Samuel Palmer:—"In him you saw at once the Maker, the Inventor; one of the few in any age; a fitting companion for Dante. He was energy itself, and shed around him a kindling influence—an atmosphere of life, full of the ideal. To walk with him in the country was to perceive the soul of beauty through the forms of matter; and the high, gloomy buildings between which, from his study-window, a glimpse was caught of the Thames and Surrey shore, assumed a kind of grandeur, from the man dwelling near them."

How thoroughly the book makes us think! Not only in Art, but in letters, and occasionally in science, are there martyrs who endure in silence, to whom clamour concerning sacrifices would be utter degradation—to whom suffering is a sacred thing, which no mean hand can touch, even to relieve, without soiling the spring-head of conscious power.

How simple, yet how natural, are even this great man's feelings; how free from bitterness is even his wrath: he could be "angry, yet sin not." He knew the strength that was in him, yet he could easily forgive the world that knew it not.

Alexander Gilchrist has raised a worthy monument to the memory of William Blake. Unhappily, the generous biographer has not lived to know that he has rescued from oblivion, and placed in a niche among the worthies of his country, the "Pictor Ignotus" he so thoroughly comprehended and so strongly loved. In giving to the world these memoirs, he teaches by example to the young, rare lessons of fortitude, endurance, and unflinching integrity; that poverty may be borne without a blush, when it is the result of no wrong thinking or wrong doing; and that the good have within themselves a sustaining power which adversity cannot touch. A work more deeply interesting, or more soundly instructive, it has rarely been our lot to read.

* The House was engraved in the *Art-Journal* for August, 1858, which contained a memory of William Blake.

NEW METHOD OF ENGRAVING AND MULTIPLYING PRINTS, ETC.

OF the many processes that have been proposed for expediting the production of engravings, none are so likely to attain the desired end as a method named after its ingenious inventor, the Process Vial, many and various results of which are in the possession of Messrs. Hunt and Davies, in Searle Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. After the admiration excited by a really simple and beautiful invention such as this, comes the question of its practical utility, and this is at once obvious. The prints we have seen from plates prepared by M. Vial's process, are in spirit and character so different, that they could not be pronounced as the results of one and the same method of reproduction, some being marked "instantaneous," others, "five" or "ten" minutes, meaning that the design was, so to say, engraved, and the print produced, within a few minutes.

To begin with a fine line engraving. There is a small plate, of which the subject is a sportsman shooting a hare, in every respect like a proof from a plate engraved by a masterly hand: every blade of grass, every weedy tuft, is there, with the same precision that distinguishes the print taken from the plate in the usual way. Perhaps even clearer than this, is a print of a fawn in a thicket, which it is impossible to fancy other than a finished proof from a highly-wrought copper-plate. To artists, the most interesting capability of the invention is its power of transferring, in a few minutes, impressions of a drawing or sketch to a steel plate, line for line, touch for touch. M. Gerome, the celebrated French artist, made, in the presence of the French Commissioners of Fine Art, a sketch of the head of a dromedary, which was prepared and printed from in a few minutes. The sketch was drawn with lithographic chalk. There is by Jules David a sketch something between an etching and a woodcut: the subject, a French cottage girl hearing a child read; also a dog by another artist, drawn with chalk and touched with Indian ink, wherein the spirit and manner of the drawing are so perfectly maintained, that it is difficult at first to determine it other than the drawing itself.

It will at once strike the experienced artist that it is by chemical agency the plate is prepared with such rapidity; and the means are so simple, that it is a matter of surprise it has not been before made subservient to the reproduction of drawings, sketches, and all kinds of designs to which the invention is applicable, for, from what we have said, it will be understood that the range it embraces is very wide. The preparation of the plate, and the impression taken from it, is, as we have said, effected in a few minutes. The inventor describes his process as "instantaneous;" in certain cases it is, and in all cases very rapid. An artist makes a drawing with lithographic chalk or ink on a steel plate; this is immediately immersed in a bath of a solution of copper, which leaves a thin coat of the metal on all exposed portions of the steel, but "bites in" the lines or touches left by a brush or crayon point. The action of the solution is so rapid, that experience is necessary to determine the point at which the corrosion must be arrested. In lithography a like means is used, but with a reverse result, inasmuch as the printing-surface remains in relief. Not only can the drawing be made directly on the steel and reproduced therefrom, but a drawing made on paper can be transferred to the steel without any alteration. We are told that the most elaborate engraving or lithograph can be reproduced on a steel plate in from ten to thirty minutes from a paper proof, without injury to the original. Thus it is impossible to say what limit can be set to the extensive utility of the invention. And now as to cost—that is said to admit of a reduction of sixty per cent. from the average expense of the production of engravings. It will be understood that in the multiplication of all fine works, as, for instance, engravings, the plates must first be engraved in the usual manner before they can be transferred; but as far as we have seen and understand the process, it must greatly reduce the cost of a large class of works for which the various and ordinary manners of engraving and printing are now employed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MISS HOSMER'S 'ZENOBIA.'

To the Editor of the "ART-JOURNAL."

SIR,—In the September number of the *Art-Journal*, an article entitled "Mr. Alfred Gatley," contains a statement so highly injurious to myself as an artist, that I cannot allow it to pass unnoticed.

I have been for a long time aware of the report that I employ a professional modeller to model my statues; and while this report was circulated through private mediums, I treated it with the contempt and silence which I felt it deserved; but now that it has assumed the form of a serious charge in public print, silence on my part would be equivalent to an admission of its truth, and I therefore place you in possession of facts, which I beg you to insert in your columns.

All artists are well aware, but the public may be ignorant, of the fact, that when a statue is to be made, a small model is first prepared by the artist, and that the professional modeller then enlarges that model, by scale, to any size the sculptor may require. This was the practice constantly pursued by Canova, and by Thorwaldsen, and is still continued by Mr. Gibson, by Tenerani, and by most of the sculptors of the present day. The charge now brought against me is, that this professional modeller does *all* my work, and to refute that charge I here state, that after the statue of Zenobia was set up for me, from a small model, four feet high, which I had previously carefully studied, I worked with my own hands upon the full-sized clay model during a period of eight months, and therefore feel that if there is any merit in the figure, I may be entitled to at least a portion of it. Nor is this all; the man who undertook to prepare the work for me was not a professional modeller in clay, but one of the marble workmen in Mr. Gibson's studio.

For seven years I worked in Mr. Gibson's own studio, and I am authorised by him to state that during that time I had no more assistance in my work than every artist considers legitimate, nor, to use his own words, "would he have permitted me to send forth works from his studio which were not honestly my own."

We all know that few artists who have been in any degree successful enjoy the truly friendly regard of their professional brethren; but a woman artist, who has been honoured by frequent commissions, is an object of peculiar odium. I am not particularly popular with any of my brethren; but I may yet feel myself called upon to make public the name of one in whom these reports first originated, and who, sheltered under an apparent personal friendship, has never lost an opportunity of defaming my artistic reputation. I remain, respectfully yours,

HARRIET G. HOSMER.

(Countersigned) JOHN GIBSON.

Rome, November 14, 1863.

[We do not hesitate to insert Miss Hosmer's letter. The paragraph of which she complains was extracted from a contemporary. It formed part of an "extract," and its pernicious effect passed us unnoticed. We believe that statement to be entirely groundless, and manifestly unjust. It is not "our way" to inflict injury: more especially in the case of a woman who is working her way to fame. We know Miss Hosmer to stand high in the estimation of all artists—in Rome, in England, and in America; and that she is eminently entitled to the high position to which she has attained by industry and genius. Readily and gladly we make to her the best and most ample amends in our power.—ED. A.-J.]

THE LATE W. DUFFIELD.

To the Editor of the "ART-JOURNAL,"

SIR,—In your notice of the death of my friend Mr. Duffield, copied from a Bath paper, there are several circumstances connected with his artistic life which are not mentioned there, but which, in justice to his memory, I think should be known. In the early part of his career, not only was he indefatigable in the study of his peculiar branch of the Arts, but was also a most zealous student of the Royal Academy. After a course of laborious study here, he left London for Bath, where for some time he practised portrait-painting with

great success; but being dissatisfied with such a limited branch of Art, he left his native city and proceeded to Antwerp, where he continued for two years in the schools of Baron Wappers the same diligent study of Art he had before practised in England. He soon after settled in London, where his pictures of 'Dead Game,' so perfectly true to nature and beautiful in colour, won for him a name second to none in this branch of Art, and we look in vain for his successor.

24, Cornhill.

J. MORBY.

EARLY SUN-PICTURES.

A DISCOVERY of no little interest in the annals of Science, as applied to the Fine Arts, has recently been made by Mr. Smith, the Curator of the Museum of Patents and Inventions at South Kensington. It is nothing less than proof of the perfection, a century and a half ago, of a means of reproducing works of Art by aid of the camera and sunlight, similar to the daguerreotypes and photographs of our own time. The prints and plates, as well as documentary evidence of a most conclusive kind, are in the possession of Mr. Smith at the Museum.

A society of scientific men, known as "the Lunar Society," met to communicate their researches at the house of Matthew Boulton, at Soho, when that distinguished manufacturer was supported by such men as James Watt, Josiah Wedgwood, Dr. Parr, Dr. Priestly, Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Solander, and the *élite* of the scientific world. Their experiments on light led, doubtless, to this mode of artificially producing reflected pictures, but the practical use of the discovery seems to have been in the hands of an artist, Francis Eginton, who was in the employ of Boulton. It is certain that they made and sold copies of pictures by the dozen at very low prices, and that they were occasionally used to decorate japanned articles, as well as to be worked up into oil paintings. By the mere accident of total neglect some of these old pictures have survived. They are copies of works by Murillo, West, Angelica Kauffmann, and others, and have all the appearance of photographic transfers to paper. It must be noted that the paper is of the old manufacture of Whatman's mills, the present proprietors stating that no such paper has been made there for the last hundred years. The pictures are all reversed from the originals, hence the action of all the figures is left-handed; the surfaces of some are covered with minute spots similar to those which occasionally disfigure photographs; the monochrome and the colour in no instance seem to sink into the paper, but may be readily wiped off the surface by a damp finger, and they are protected by a varnish which appears to be white of egg. Fortunately Mr. Smith obtained a duplicate of one subject, which is so minute in its similarity as to be sufficient to prove that the process (whatever it was) was strictly a mechanical one.

The uses of cameras, the production of cheap pictures, and the possession of an important secret, is all proved by documentary evidence from the Soho works. What then is the secret of its total cessation, and the oblivion to which its history is subjected? It appears to be simply this, that artists and Art-manufacturers were alarmed at the success of a process that threatened to underwork or revolutionise their business; that Eginton applied for a government pension "for the art of copying pictures called polygraphic;" that Boulton objected to such grant, as he was in his pay; and the various jealousies and clashing interests led to the discontinuance of the process soon after 1780, when it was

in full activity. Eginton died, in his sixty-eighth year, in 1805.

The silver-plate pictures appear to have been produced about 1791. They have the entire appearance of faded daguerreotypes, and represent the front of the old establishment at Soho as it appeared before the alterations made in it about that time. It is matter of history that the Wedgwoods speculated largely in experiments on light, in conjunction with Davy, but they failed in fixing the reflected pictures obtained by this means. The process they used was the laying nitrate of silver on paper, and obtaining, by means of the solar ray in a camera, a reflection upon its surface, but the image soon faded on exposure to light, and the experiments were discontinued. It is curious, however, to note that the process was experimented upon by members of the family until a comparatively recent period, and that there are in existence "nature-printed" ferns, by Miss Wilkinson, a near relative of Matthew Boulton, identical with photography in the brown discolouration of the prepared paper, except in such places as have been covered by the object to be delineated.

There cannot be a doubt, therefore, that curious and important experiments in sun-picturing were made by Boulton, Watt, Davy, and others, very many years ago, and that a mechanical art of a remarkable kind was absolutely perfected at Soho. The whole history of the work is, however, involved in obscurity, and that obscurity has been purposely made by the evasion of evidence in books, &c., for some reason yet unexplained.

ART IN IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

DUBLIN.—Mr. Foley, R.A., has received the commission to execute the Prince Consort memorial for this city. The work will, we believe, take the form of a group. The sculptor is to have £5,000 for it.—Mr. Edwin Lyne has been appointed by the Royal Dublin Society to the head-mastership of the School of Art, vacant by the resignation of Mr. McManus.

GLASGOW.—The Glasgow Architectural Society held its annual meeting and *conversazione* on the 9th of last month, in the Scottish Exhibition Rooms. From the Report of the honorary secretary, it would appear that the affairs of the Association are in a most satisfactory state. During the past year several papers upon interesting subjects have been read and discussed by the members, amongst others, one upon the ventilation of buildings, a subject which cannot too often claim the attention of such a body. In the course of the evening, Mr. Henry Glassford Bell, one of the sheriffs of the county, addressed the meeting in a speech at once eloquent and practical.

PAISLEY.—A monument in memory of the Rev. Patrick Brewster has recently been placed in the cemetery of Paisley; it is the work of Mr. John Mossman, of Glasgow. On a pedestal somewhat richly sculptured is a statue of the deceased minister, standing as if about to address a public meeting. In his left hand he holds a roll of paper, pressing at the same time the folds of his mantle to his left breast, while the right hand seems to dash aside the folds of his cloak, and appears to be raised as he opens his lips—the action and attitude those who knew him say he constantly adopted. The likeness is considered most striking.

BATH.—The annual presentation of prizes to the students in the School of Art, took place in November last, when the mayor presided. His worship, and the president of the institution, the Rev. E. D. Rhodes, adverted to its pecuniary condition, stating that if not better supported, the doors of the school must be closed in March. It appears that the payments from pupils do not meet the expenses incurred, and there is a debt owing of £58. In 1861, nearly a similar amount was owing, and an effort was subsequently made to clear it off; only about half the sum, however, was collected, and the liabilities have again increased to a larger extent than before. Bath seems to be only one of several places of importance whose inhabitants cannot, or will not, see the advantages of a school of Art.

BIRMINGHAM.—The local papers announce the recent death of Mr. Samuel Lines, an artist and drawing-master long holding a good position in Birmingham and its vicinity. He was one of the founders of the Birmingham Society of Artists, and for many years its treasurer and curator.

BURLEIGH.—The prizes offered for the most approved designs for the decoration of the façade of the Wedgwood Memorial Institute have been awarded by the adjudicators, Mr. A. J. Beresford-Hope and Mr. Digby Wyatt, as follows, Mr. J. C. Robinson, the other referee appointed by the committee, being absent from England:—1st prize, Robert Edgar and John Kipling; 2nd prize, Mr. De Ville; 3rd prize, John Ladds; 4th prize, Edward Power. The following obtained honourable mention:—Samuel Cuthbert Rogers, James Lessels, and Harry Green. It will be seen that the first prize was awarded to the combined effort of two persons, both of whom have, until within the last few years, been residents of the Potteries—Robert Edgar as an architect at Stoke, and John Kipling as a modeller at Messrs. Pinder, Bourne, and Hope's manufactory, Fountain Place, Burleigh, where he served his apprenticeship. The design of the beautiful illuminations on the exterior of Messrs. Pinder and Co.'s manufactory, which attracted so much attention on the 10th of March last, was executed by Mr. Kipling. The committee subsequently met in the Town Hall, with J. S. Hill, Esq., in the chair, when they heartily approved of the selection made by the judges, and also made arrangements for the exhibition, shortly, of the designs, and for proceeding with the obtaining of subscriptions, so as to ensure the proceeding with the work with as little delay as possible.

CAMBRIDGE.—The committee of the School of Art, in the last annual report, has entered a protest against the regulations recently issued from the Department of Science and Art, which, as the document states, "are likely to have a very mischievous effect on the teaching of Art-schools throughout the country, as they will tend to disparage the serious study of Art in all except the artisan classes, and re-introduce the shallow dilettantism which hitherto they have with much success endeavoured to combat; they will also unsettle the minds of the masters of the schools." The committee would be "glad to join other schools of Art in an earnest united remonstrance against the faithless, unwise, arbitrary policy of the revised code." We wonder it has not occurred to the committees and head masters of these schools, so many of which are suffering from the ill-advised regulations laid down at headquarters, to petition parliament on the subject. All remonstrance addressed to South Kensington appears to be utterly useless.

COVENTRY.—The new School of Art, which also includes a picture gallery, was opened here on the 10th of November, when a *conversazione* took place, Lord Leigh, lord-lieutenant of the county, presiding. The Right Hon. C. B. Adderley, M.P., gave an address, which was followed by speeches from Sir Joseph Paxton, M.P., and other gentlemen.

FORD.—The *Athenæum* says—"The Marchioness of Waterford, one of the ablest of our amateur artists, is painting, in distemper, on twelve arched compartments on the walls of the school-room at Ford, Northumberland, a series of pictures representing boys and girls mentioned in the Bible. One subject is already done; it shows Cain and Abel, youths of ten or twelve years of age, sacrificing. The second subject is Isaac going to the sacrifice; the third, Esau selling his birthright; the fourth, Joseph and his brethren.

HALIFAX.—Mr. Thornycroft is to execute an equestrian statue of the Prince Consort for this town. The price, including pedestal, is estimated at 1,300 guineas.—The ceremony of presenting the prizes annually given to the students of the School of Art in this town took place in November last. After the business was over, a *conversazione*, numerously attended by the leading inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood, was held, the principal attractions being the exhibition of a large and valuable collection of pictures, lent for the purpose by their owners residing in the locality. Among these works were many by our best known artists, both in oils and water-colours. The main object of the exhibition was to clear off some liabilities due from the school.

LEEDS.—The operatives of this town propose to erect a memorial statue of the late Sir Thomas Fairbairn, by subscriptions of one penny and upwards.

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. Arnold Baruchson, who has long been foremost among Art-aids in Liverpool, and to whom artists owe much for the large patronage they enjoy in that wealthy and liberal Port, is actively engaged, with some other of its merchants, in efforts to obtain for the town a building worthy to represent the Arts. His plan is to follow the example set by

the city of Edinburgh—to devote part of such edifice to the exhibition of modern pictures, &c., and part to a permanent collection of works of Art. The annual exhibition now takes place in a building by no means suited to so high a purpose, and it is not creditable to Liverpool, that while there are so many magnificent public structures there, the Arts are located in a dwelling so unbecoming. Mr. Baruchson has reasoned, in an address delivered at a meeting of his fellow-townsmen, that in the event of this object being accomplished, there are many collectors in Liverpool who would gladly contribute pictures as gifts, while it is more than likely that some would imitate the great patriots, Vernon, Sheepshanks, Bell, and others, and bequeath at death the whole of their galleries to the people. We earnestly hope this project may succeed, and we are not without hope that the sum of £5,000 granted by the corporation for a monument to the Prince Consort may be allocated—not to erect an equestrian statue, but to build an Albert Institute of the Fine Arts. Sure we are that such a mode of expenditure is precisely what the Good Prince would have desired and advised. Such an act would be energetically seconded by a large number of the merchants, who would at once add to this sum of £5,000 whatever amount would be required.—The Free Library and Museum, the munificent gift of Sir William Brown, Bart., of Liverpool, has recently been rendered additionally attractive and useful to the people, by containing collections of pictures lent for public and free exhibition by eminent collectors in Liverpool and its vicinity. At present it contains the gallery of water-colour drawings the property of T. E. Moss, Esq., the opulent banker, a collection surpassed by few in the kingdom. It consists of nearly two hundred works by the best masters of the British school. In the same building also are a number of paintings lent by Abel Boodle, Esq., among them being the famous work of Sidney Cooper—"The Decisive Charge at Waterloo"—and several of the best works of John Martin. The rooms are continually thronged by the working men of Liverpool.—At the recent meeting for the distribution of prizes to the students of the Liverpool School of Art—to which reference was made in our last number—a letter was read from Mr. Ruskin, who had been invited to preside on the occasion. The letter was dated from Zurich, where Mr. Ruskin was staying. One of the reasons assigned by him for not appearing at Liverpool was the state of his health, which prevented him just then from taking any prominent part in public business. But another, and, as it seems, still more powerful motive for refusal, is the "political position taken, or rather sunk into, by England in her foreign relations, especially in the affairs of Italy and Poland:" the thought of this has rendered him "too sad to be of any service" to the students just now. The epistle is altogether a humorous and singular comment on ministerial policy, especially when viewed in connection with the object which called it forth.

WORCESTER.—The ninth annual exhibition of the Worcester Society of Arts was opened in the autumn of last year, and was not much inferior in character to those of some twenty-five years ago, when the city was famed for its exhibitions, containing as they then did the works of many artists who have since become our leading academicians. Among the recent contributors were Messrs. Hart, R.A., A. Cooper, R.A., Leighton, Armitage, Danby, Pyne, Leader, Davis, T. M. Richardson, the late William Duffield, Syer, Bouvier, Houston, R.S.A., Earl, and others. Mr. Armitage sent three works, two of which are his well-known pictures, 'Samson,' and 'The Ladies at Scutari.' 'The Crossbowman,' by Mr. Leighton, in the last exhibition of the Royal Academy, indicates the great power and mind of the artist. Mr. Hart exhibited his picture 'Margaret of Hungary distributing Alms,' Mr. T. M. Richardson three very beautiful sketches; and Mr. J. B. Pyne 'In facia del Sole,' a work of considerable beauty. A small but excellent collection of sculpture by Messrs. W. C. Marshall, R.A., J. Foley, R.A., J. Durham, J. Bell, and G. Halse, added very considerably to the attractions of the exhibition. We must not close this notice without mentioning the name of E. Bickerton Evans, Esq., who, with several other gentlemen, have promoted in no small degree the success of the society, as well as the very praiseworthy object they had in view in establishing it, viz., that of forming a permanent public gallery to encourage a taste for the Fine Arts in the neighbourhood. The society already possesses works by Creswick, R.A., Cooke, A.R.A., the late William Duffield, and several others; and it is highly creditable to so small a city as Worcester to have been able to continue its annual exhibition, and to have brought together so good a collection of works of Art without the aid of borrowed pictures.

A VISION.

FROM A MONUMENTAL BAS-RELIEF BY J. EDWARDS.

MONUMENTAL sculpture has one of its purest and most intellectual exponents in this artist, who combines with an admirable command over his material very considerable originality of design and a truly reverential spirit in his conceptions. We have on two or three former occasions offered to the notice of our readers engravings from his works, all of which unquestionably bear out this opinion. That now introduced supports it still further, and in an eminent degree.

Works of this kind are too frequently conceived in a spirit of materiality; they are a kind of allegorical eulogies of the dead. All spiritual meaning is lost sight of, and the only idea seems to be to associate the monument with the perishing body beneath it, rather than with the immortality of the soul's future existence, or, at least, with the "things which no gross ear can hear."

In the sculpture by Mr. Edwards, he appears to have laboured in just the opposite direction, that is, to give to his work something of an elevated, holy character, and such as might suggest to the imagination, as in a vision, a representation of all our chief duties in life, as well as some of the great marvels of existence.

The archangel on the left of the group is in the act of explaining the words of the scroll, with a power so commanding, a wisdom so profound, and a heavenly gentleness so attractive, as to captivate, while it satisfies, both intellect and feelings; the voice of the celestial instructor falling with a divine charm on the minds of all by whom the "vision" is seen, and who have the refined ears to hear, and the desire to comprehend the holy command embodied in the words. The subject is thus formed purely for the gratification of the imaginative faculty, and is represented as if seen in the sky, in the deep stillness of night, shown by the moon beneath the clouds on which the angelic group stands. On the upper part indications are also given of supernatural light beaming from above on the figures, in which light the emblem of the Holy Spirit, the dove, is seen in the centre of a triune symbol of the Deity, as Creator, Preserver, and Ruler of all things. On the scroll, above the text, may be observed the monogram of the Alpha and Omega, and, as if emanating therefrom, slight indications may be further noticed of rays of light in various clusters, each composed of three separate rays, all of which together may be considered to denote the life divine, intellectual, and social, granted to mankind for gradual development in accordance with the immutable laws of the Almighty, and for the continual furtherance of our well-being and happiness in a life not without a high and pure hope of heaven. Separately, the larger cluster of the rays nearest to the text may be considered to denote the revealed light representing to us the Holy Trinity; while the corresponding cluster above the monogram may symbolise the light we have of the divine creation, preservation, and dominion. Those on each side may respectively denote our original ideas of Deity, in his power, wisdom, and goodness. The four smaller clusters may respectively indicate the sublimest and best gleams of light with which the greatest and the best of the human family are endowed, such as those, which may also be considered as the attributes of God, of wisdom, justice, truth, and goodness, with others connected wholly with man; faith, hope, charity, prudence, &c.

Such appears to have been the intention of the sculptor in designing this very beautiful and suggestive monumental work, symbolising so much that is true and of good report, so much also on which the thoughts of the mourners may dwell pleasantly while still sorrowing for the dead. The model was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1857, and it has since been executed twice in marble, slightly modified to suit each individual purpose. Mr. Edwards has at the present time a third copy in hand. Works of this high intellectual character cannot fail to have a beneficial influence on public taste and public feeling, not only from an æsthetic point of view, but because they suggest pure and elevating thoughts, even where their artistic merit is not understood.



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This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a textured appearance with numerous small dark spots, possibly foxing or dirt, scattered across its surface. There are also faint, illegible markings and smudges, particularly towards the bottom and right edges, which may be remnants of text or ink from another page. The overall tone is a light beige or off-white.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some faint smudges and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. There is no text or other markings on the page.

This image shows a blank page with a light beige or off-white background. The surface has a slightly textured appearance with some very faint, scattered dark specks, likely due to the scanning process or the paper's grain. There is no text, handwriting, or printed matter on the page.

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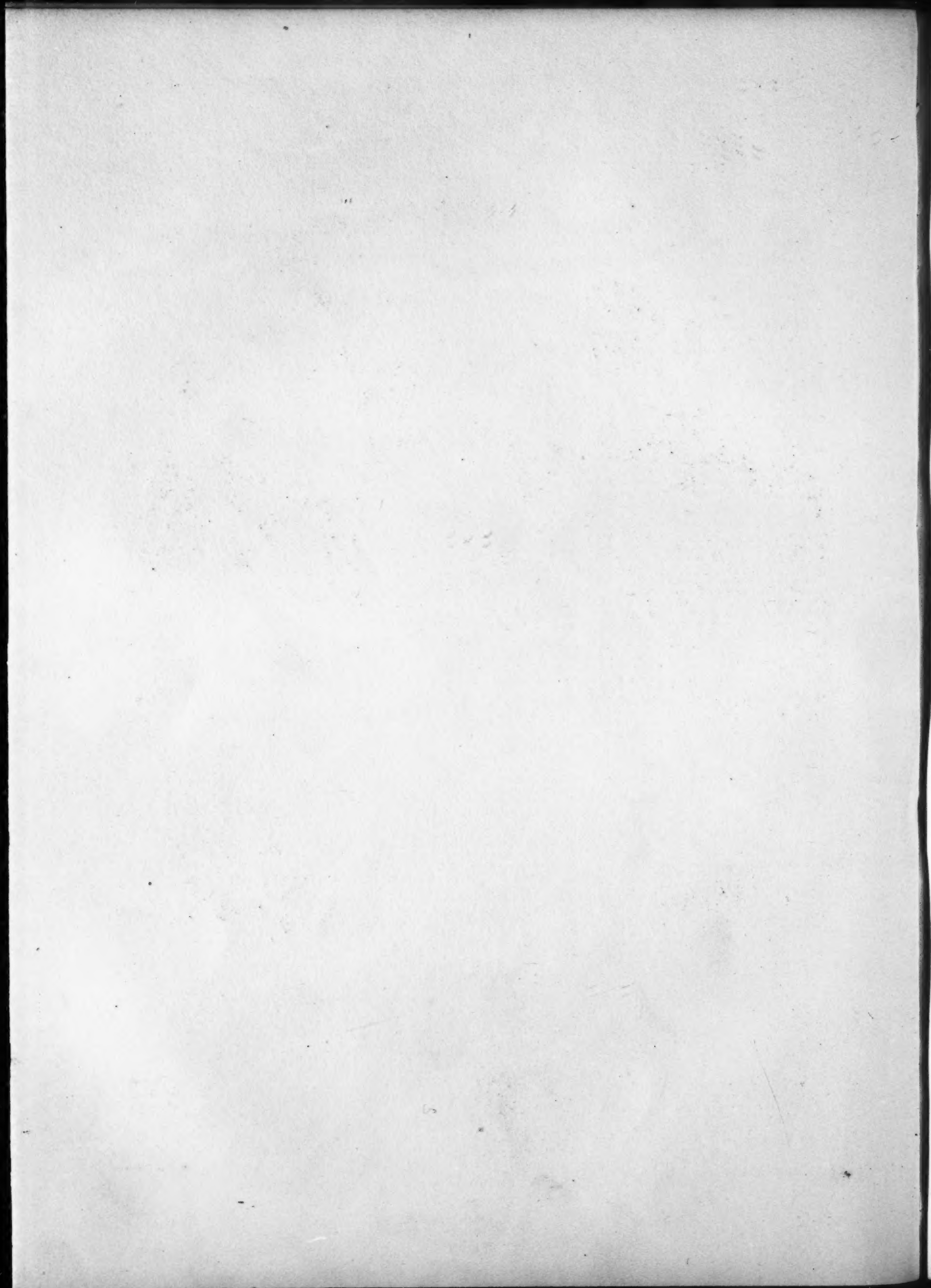
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A VISION.

TELLING 'OF THINGS' AS MILTON SINGS.
'WHICH NO GROSS EAR CAN HEAR.'

FROM A MONUMENTAL BAS-RELIEF BY J. EDWARDS.



GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE
FINE ARTS.

THE third annual exhibition of this association was inaugurated last month under very flattering auspices, the anxiety to be present at the opening *conversazione* having manifested itself more strongly than on any previous occasion. The works exhibited number in all upwards of nine hundred, and although out of this large display there are probably not half a dozen really striking pictures, still the exhibition, as a whole, may be pronounced equal, if not superior, to those of former years.

The pictures borrowed from private owners, of which there is a smaller number than usual, form, of course, the most prominent objects of interest. These are the 'Highland Raid' of Rosa Bonheur; Noel Paton's minutely finished picture 'Luther at Erfurt'; Tidey's exquisite water-colour subject from Ossian, 'Dar Thula,' a work which, we believe, has commanded more admiration than any other picture on the walls of the exhibition; 'Kilchurn Castle, Lochawe,' a noble landscape by Horatio Macculloch; Sam Bough's clever 'Pool of the Thames,' and several others of minor consideration.

The contributions of local artists form, naturally enough, a feature of peculiar interest to the visitors who crowd the exhibition rooms, portraiture, as usual, occupying a large share of space upon the walls. In this department of Art, Mr. Graham Gilbert's likeness of Mrs. H. C. Ewing may be noted for its careful finish and dexterous colouring. Mr. Daniel Macnee's full-length portrait of Mr. McLeod is a favourable specimen of this artist's powers; the easy pose of the figure, the drawing and colouring, being alike admirable. The portrait of Lord Brougham, painted by Mr. Macnee for the Parliament House, Edinburgh, is in many respects an excellent work. The same artist's portrait of Mr. Richardson, of Ralston, and his 'Childhood,' illustrating a stanza from Shelley, have both been much admired—the former for its careful finish and striking likeness of the original, the latter for the clever and natural manner in which the young mother and the child whom she is fondling are both rendered. Mr. Tavernor Knott, a gentleman who has made considerable progress of late in his profession, is a most prolific exhibitor, having no less than nine portraits upon the walls. The best of these is his likeness of Mr. Neilson—a firm and vigorously painted work, careful in all its details. Mr. Norman Macbeth's portrait of Mr. Russel, editor of the *Scotsman*, will be recognised at once, not only as a creditable work of Art, but, by those who know him, as a good likeness of a genial-hearted and clever man.

The place of honour amongst the local landscape painters is probably due to Mr. J. Milne Donald, whose picture 'In the Forest—Sunshine after Rain,' possesses many points of excellence. Mr. William Glover's pretty moonlight scene shows that he possesses the true spirit of an artist. Mr. Woolnoth's water-colour views of highland scenery, of which several are exhibited, are all, generally speaking, good. Mr. Greenlee's 'Going to the Farm' would have been a better picture had the colouring been less hard.

The exhibition of sculpture is meagre. Mr. Edward Davis, however, contributes two important works in marble, 'Cupid caught Flying,' and an alto-relievo, representing a 'Mother and Child.' Mr. John Mossman exhibits three busts in marble, all of which are marked by his careful and painstaking style. In a colossal bust of Sir William Wallace, modelled in clay, Dr. F. H. Thomson presents us with his idea of what the great Scottish hero might have been in the flesh. Dr. Thomson is, we believe, an amateur, but there is little in this work of his betraying the 'prentice hand.' On the contrary, it is conceived and wrought out in all its points with the skill of a practised artist. A word of encouragement is due to a little bit of ideal sculpture termed, 'Help a Poor Blind Boy,' the work of a very young artist, Mr. William Mossman, jun.

We are glad to learn that the pecuniary success of the Exhibition has been great, the attendance nearly doubling that of former years.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN has visited the ateliers of the sculptors Foley and Theod, and given sittings to Mr. Frith for the 'Marriage' picture.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES has given sittings to Mr. R. Dowling for a portrait commissioned by the government of Tasmania, and also to Mr. Morton Edwards, for a bust for the corporation of Toronto.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—On Thursday, the 10th of December, being the ninety-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Academy of Arts, at a general assembly of the academicians the following premiums were awarded:—the gold medal, books, and a scholarship of £25 for two years, to Francis Holl, for the best historical painting; to Henry Bursill, for the best historical group in sculpture; to Richard Phené Spiers, for the best architectural design; the Turner gold medal to Frank Walton, for the best English landscape. Silver medals and books were likewise awarded to Arthur Ackland Hunt, for the best painting from the life; to George Smith, for a copy made in the school of painting; to Arthur Ackland Hunt, for the best drawing from the life; to Francis Holl, for the next best drawing from the life; to Edward Evans, for the next best drawing from the life; to Richard Phené Spiers, for an architectural drawing; to John Barclay Grahame, for the best drawing from the antique; to Augustus E. Mulready, for the next best drawing from the antique; to Charles B. Barber, for the next best drawing from the antique; to Samuel B. Long, for the best model from the antique; to Frederick S. Potter, for the next best model from the antique. A travelling studentship for one year, with an allowance of £100, was awarded to Thomas Henry Watson, for the best design in architecture. The works in competition were in the highest degree satisfactory. Mr. Holl (a son of the eminent engraver), whose painting of 'Abraham about to sacrifice Isaac' might hold place among the productions of veterans in Art, obtained both the gold and silver medals: the artist is under twenty years of age. Mr. Walton's landscape is a picture of very great merit. Few "grander" compositions than that of Mr. Bursill have been ever shown as a "first" work. Mr. Richard Phené Spiers, who obtained the gold medal and also the silver medal, is the eldest son of Mr. Alderman Spiers, of Oxford—a gentleman who has been all his life labouring to advance the interests of British Art. The success of his son—so honourably earned—must be to him, therefore, a cause of intense gratification.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY has, it is said, come to the resolution of granting a sum of money to the pupils of the schools entitled to what is called the "travelling studentship," to aid them in studying at home instead of abroad. We have often remarked, when speaking on this subject in our columns, that foreign travel has rarely produced results in the young artist sufficient to justify the continuance of the practice, and the Academy seems at length to be of the same opinion.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—The one hundred and tenth session of this Society opened in November last, with an address from the newly-elected Chairman of the Council, Mr. William Hawes, F.G.S. The theatre of the Society has been enlarged and renovated during the recess, the five paintings of Barry have also been carefully cleaned. The principal business of the evening was to distribute the prizes awarded last year; these were, the Prince Consort's prize of 25 guineas, to Mr. William Vaughan for proficiency in mathematics. This gentleman had obtained the following awards of merit:—1860. Arithmetic, first-class certificate (with first prize). 1861. Geometry, first-class certificate (with first prize). 1862. Book-keeping, first-class certificate; Mensuration, first-class certificate (with second prize). 1863. Algebra, first-class certificate (with first prize); Trigonometry, first-class certificate (with first prize); Conic Section, first-class certificate (with first prize). For specimens of wood-carving—To James Meikle, £4 (animals, natural foliage being used as accessories). To G. Rumford ('Rosebud,' child's head cut in lime tree). Animal still life—Mark Rogers, £8; Charles Humphris and — Green,

£2 each; W. Perry, £3. Foliage, fruit, flowers—T. H. Baylis, £8; T. H. Kendall, £4; R. Flepping, £3.—The Society has issued a programme of the premiums it designs to award during the year 1864-5. The subjects are very varied, ranging from a prize for a Treatise on Jurisprudence to an Essay on the Cultivation of Tobacco, but including prizes for Art-workmanship and model carving, goldsmith's work, bronzes, photographs on china and glass, new dyes, &c., &c. Full particulars will be found in the Society's journal. The programme has been well considered, and, no doubt, beneficial results will follow the competition thus excited. The "prizes" are principally the Society's medal; competitors, therefore, must be content with the "honour" they will receive as a compensation for success. It is, however, somewhat unreasonable to stipulate that "any communication rewarded by the society" will be "considered as its property," seeing that it will have cost the Society but a few shillings.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.—The annual private view of the copies made from certain of the pictures selected from the late exhibition of the old masters, was held here in November. As usual, the majority of the copyists clustered round a few of the pictures. Of the Burgomaster Six (Rembrandt) the greatest number of copies were made; there were not less than eighteen or twenty, of which the great majority were below mediocrity, but a few showed some feeling for the master and some knowledge of the principles on which he worked. A good copy of this picture would be a *tour de force* for a highly accomplished painter, and yet we see the most melancholy essays by persons who never could have been in earnest in the attempt. Next to Rembrandt, Romney was in favour with his Bacchante-like studies of Lady Hamilton.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION will open its annual exhibition, as usual, early in February.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—An exhibition of drawings and sketches by the late C. J. Cockerell, R.A., has lately been held in the rooms of this society. Mr. Cockerell was a most skilful draughtsman, as these works testify.

MR. J. D. HARDING.—On the eve of going to press with our last sheet, intelligence reached us of the death of this artist, of whom we shall give a memoir in our next number.

THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION OF MANUFACTURES AND MACHINERY.—A programme has been issued by a committee of the Royal Dublin Society, announcing the arrangements under which the Exhibition will be opened in May, 1864. It will consist mainly of "home" manufactures, "more humble and less costly" than an International Exhibition would be. We presume, however, it is to include contributions from the sister countries of England, Scotland, and Wales. Those who desire information may apply to A. Corrigan, Esq., Royal Society, Dublin.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION.—Mr. Wallis's two prizes of £100 and £50 have been awarded, the first to Mr. P. H. Calderon, the second to Mr. A. Gilbert. The adjudicators were Messrs. Redgrave, E. M. Ward, Dobson, Tom Taylor, Lewis Pocock, and S. C. Hall. The pictures in competition were those only that had been painted specially for this exhibition. The decisions were unanimous.

DEPARTMENT OF ART AND SCIENCE.—Messrs. R. Redgrave, R.A., and E. Crowe, Inspectors of Art-schools, with the masters of the schools at Birmingham, Manchester, Macclesfield, Stoke, and two other places, have been sent to Paris to examine and report on the works of pupils in the French Schools of Design, lately exhibited in the Champs Elysées.

PROFESSOR DONALDSON, President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, has been elected, by the Académie des Beaux Arts, a foreign corresponding member, in the room of Professor Cockerell—an election that will meet with cordial approbation in this country, for Professor Donaldson is highly respected as an architect and esteemed as a gentleman. The other candidates "presented by the committee were—M. Geefs, sculptor, of Brussels; Mr. John Pye, engraver, of London; M. Verdi, composer, of Bussetto; and M. Stuler, architect, of Berlin. The academy added the names of M. Gallait, painter, of Brussels; M. Navez, another painter, of the same city; and M.

Marochetti, sculptor, of London. Mr. Donaldson received eighteen out of thirty-five votes, and thus obtained the absolute majority. M. Verdi and M. Navez had five votes each; M. Gallait four; and MM. Geefs, Pye, and Marochetti, one each.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE ART-UNION has had so prosperous a career as to alarm inferior caterers to public taste. The directors will, therefore, cease to hold their home in the Palace, and obtain offices at the west end of London, continuing there the efforts which have been so successful. It is certain that under the management of Mr. Thomas Battam, works in Ceramic Art, in glass, and in bronze, have been distributed to subscribers at rates approaching half the cost of similar productions obtained in the ordinary way of trade. It is this fact that has frightened the stall-keepers at Sydenham, perhaps not without reason; but unquestionably by this means public taste has been advanced to a higher appreciation of excellence. Shopkeepers should bear this fact in mind, knowing that the acquisition of one luxury invariably suggests the desire to possess another.

BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.—Messrs. Longman & Co. have just published a very beautiful edition of the Prayer Book; each page of which is surrounded by an engraved border taken from the works of Geoffroy Tory, a French engraver and bookseller of considerable reputation, who lived in the early part of the sixteenth century, and whose volumes are rare, and held in much esteem by collectors. The borders introduced are Raffaellesque in character, very light and elegant. The volume is printed on toned paper, with the rubrics and head-lines in red ink. The type is of moderate size, and very distinct. Picture prayer-books we dislike to see used in churches, but to this neatly-ornamented edition no reasonable objection can be urged by the most strenuous advocate for simplicity in everything connected with ecclesiastical worship.

MESSRS. MOORE, M^CQUEEN, & Co., the eminent publishers, have secured a series of most interesting and very beautiful drawings, of large size, the works of Carl Werner, representing Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and the holy places, which they mean to issue as "fac-similes."

ART AT LAW.—A case recently came before Mr. Justice Erle and a special jury, in the Court of Common Pleas, in which Mr. Turner, a print-publisher of Newcastle-on-Tyne, sought to recover damages from Mr. T. O. Barlow, the well-known engraver in mezzotint. It was alleged that the defendant had engaged to engrave for the plaintiff Mr. Wallis's picture of the 'Death of Chatterton,' within a specified time, namely, twenty-one months, out of which period he, Mr. Barlow, was to have the painting in his possession at intervals for fourteen months; the intermediate time, we presume, Mr. Turner required for the exhibition of the picture, as is customary with publishers. According to plaintiff's statement, the plate ought to have been delivered on the 17th of February, 1861, but he did not receive it till March, 1862; the consequence was that he had to pay the owner of the picture, the late Mr. A. L. Egg, R.A., the sum of £100 over and above that originally agreed upon for the loan of it for a definite period. Mr. Barlow's defence was, and it was proved on evidence, that he had not actually exceeded fourteen months, one of the points raised being whether the "months" spoken of were calendar or lunar months; his lordship ruled that the latter were intended. The verdict was in favour of the defendant, the jury computing that he had retained the painting only 300 days, whereas the full period of fourteen months would have allowed him to keep it for 392 days. It seems to us this action should not have been brought; it was at least "sharp practice." We know well from our own experience that engravers are not noted for punctuality, but we also are fully aware that the delay often arises from a desire to do full justice to the subject in hand, and that it is sometimes almost impossible to determine the length of time a picture requires. In Mr. Turner's case he surely was able to ascertain, with tolerable accuracy, how long Mr. Barlow really had the painting in his possession.

MONUMENT TO SIR JOHN INGLIS, K.C.B.—Messrs. Cox and Son, of Southampton Street, have recently executed, at their Patent Carving Works, a monument to the gallant defender of Lucknow. The

design is by Mr. Digby Wyatt, and consists of a richly carved frame of Robin Hood stone, relieved by a border of inlaid marble, with Derbyshire spars at the angles. In the centre of this is a brass tablet, bearing an appropriate inscription referring to the services of the gallant officer; and below are sculptured his armorial bearings, with the cross of the Bath. It was originally intended to place the monument in the garrison chapel at Corfu, but as the island is to pass out of British possession, it will probably be erected in some one of our own churches.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PRIKE, offered by his Royal Highness, "to be held for a year by the best shot" in the Civil Service regiment of volunteers, of which the Prince is honorary colonel, is a silver vase of elegant form. The bowl is rather flat, having gracefully-curved handles at the sides. The lid is surmounted by an officer of the regiment on horseback, one dismounted, and a private. The plinth and base are richly ornamented with engraved and embossed work in harmony with that on the bowl, and present to the eye good outlines. On an ebony pedestal is a shield of silver, whereon is inscribed the object of the gift, with the name of the royal donor. The vase is designed and manufactured by Messrs. Elkington & Co., and is worthy of their high reputation.

BUST OF SHAKSPEARE.—Mr. William Perry, wood-carver to the Queen, whose works we have frequently noticed in our journal, has recently executed a life-size bust of Shakspeare for a member of the "Memorial Fund." It is sculptured out of a block of oak, a portion of one of the old rafters of the barn at New Place, Stratford-on-Avon. Mr. Perry has worked out, and most satisfactorily, his idea of the head and face, from a careful study of the Stratford bust, and Mr. Bowden's commentary on the portraits of the poet. As a work of sculptured Art, the bust is excellent. Mr. Perry has been commissioned by the Queen to carve another bust from a piece of the Herne's oak.

THE HAMPTON COURT PICTURE GALLERIES have recently undergone some changes, and not a little improvement. Pictures that hung in unfavourable positions are now placed where they can be seen, while the works of the Venetian school are being gradually grouped together, and several of them have been judiciously restored. The nine compartments of Mantegna's 'Triumph of Julius Cæsar,' a work in tempera, and in a sad state of decay, have been carefully glazed, to prevent, as far as possible, further injury. The room known as the public dining-room has been repaired, and entirely hung with portraits of the British school, —among others, Gainsborough's Colonel St. Leger, and Fisher, the composer.

CHURCH'S PANORAMA.—A large and comprehensive series of pictures is now being exhibited at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, painted by an American artist, and describing the sites of the many battles and sieges that have taken place during the civil war now desolating America. If the localities are accurately represented, this panorama has, at present for us, an interest far beyond all similar pictorial exhibitions, inasmuch as this fearful war, independently of all other considerations, comes more nearly home to us than any other foreign war recorded in history. Passing one or two of the first pictures, we come to the 'Bombardment of Fort Sumter,' when held by Major Anderson for the Federals. In 'Troops marching down Broadway' the artist has chosen his point at the junction of Park Row with Broadway; this view gives at once a settled idea of this famous thoroughfare. The 'View of Harper's Ferry' shows the dispositions on the occasion of the surrender of the Federals to Stonewall Jackson and Hill, in September, 1862. In the picture 'Runaway Slave Scene in a Swamp,' appear one or two armed negroes, cooking at a small fire, embowered in the marvellously luxuriant vegetation of the South; they seem to be scarcely aware of the approach of their masters with bloodhounds. In another we see some liberated slaves enjoying freedom in their own way in the richly furnished saloons of their late masters. 'The Engagement between the Monitor and the Merrimac,' is a picture of much interest, as showing vessels of a kind of which we hear so much and know so little. The conflict between these vessels lasted more than three hours. Island No. 10 figured as a place of much importance at

the beginning of last year, the bombardment having lasted twenty-three days. There is a view of this place with the surrounding country, and these views are in truth the most interesting in the series, which consists of not less than thirty-five views and compositions. All the celebrated engagements are represented, as the battle of Fredericksburg, that of Murfreesboro, the battle of Antietam, the battle of Vicksburg, that of Gettysburg, &c.; in short, the artist has seized upon every important event of the war. Many of the landscape scenes are most skilfully depicted, and it is to these that we look especially for some elucidation of the newspaper descriptions of the scenes of the dire conflict that is depopulating both North and South.

RIMMEL'S PERFUMED ALMANAC for 1864 is an improvement even on the pretty printed toy of last year; the illustrations are in better artistic taste and better executed. It is a real gem of its kind.

CHEMICAL ENGRAVINGS.—"Mr. Fox Talbot, one of the earliest experimentalists in photography, has just added," says the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, "one to the list of chemical photographic engravings. It represents a scene in Java—a ravine and rivulet fringed with banana trees. It is said that at least 5,000 copies can be taken before the plate deteriorates. There have been so many attempts and so many failures, that any genuine, undoubted success in this direction would be welcome." We have not seen the photograph in question, and can therefore pronounce no opinion upon it.

THE DIARIES, POCKET-BOOKS, &c., of Messrs. Delarue & Co., continue to maintain their supremacy. They are much the best of the many issues for the new year, A.D. 1864—their contents are rational and useful; no valueless matter finds admission; excellent type and paper are bound in graceful covers, some of them being of great elegance, to which the modern aids of caoutchouc are skilfully applied. This renowned establishment is justly famous in many ways, but in none has their fame been better sustained than by the annual "necessities" that greet us with every new year.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS IN DEVON, ETC.—There is no county of England so fertile of scenery as Devonshire—which the artist loves to copy. Hills and dales, blooming orchards and sterile moors, graceful rivers and wild sea rocks—in a word, the sublime and beautiful—are in rich abundance there, together with glorious relics of the olden time. A selection of its most attractive features has been made by Mr. Frank M. Good, and the series is published by Banfield, of Ilfracombe. They are charmingly executed, taking rank among the best photographs that have yet been produced. Certainly a more agreeable series of studies has never been issued. They are chiefly sea-side views, such as the delighted tourist keeps in memory—of Lynmouth, Clovelly, and Ilfracombe. A similar series has also been produced by the same accomplished artist copied from scenery in Hampshire and Dorset. In these the best features of fair Bournemouth are necessarily prominent. The views are all thoroughly English, and present the peculiar graces of its landscape beauties with great effect.

MR. FLATOU'S COLLECTION OF PICTURES.—There is no exhibition in the metropolis, nor is there likely to be any until the first Monday of May, at once so interesting and so instructive as this, which Mr. L. V. Flatou has recently opened at his rooms in the Haymarket. It consists of one hundred and thirty-two pictures; each is an admirable example of the artist. The painters are the "leaders" of our school; the men who are now famous; whose happy destiny it is to live at a time when "patrons" are so many and so rich, that if a great picture is produced, "price is of no consequence." Certainly in this comparatively small collection there are works that may be justly described as *chef-d'œuvres* of their producers. We know Mr. Flatou to be "a dealer" of large experience, of matured taste, and of sound judgment, and we are justified in believing that the excellence manifested in several of these works is the result of his "pressure," while others "acquired" by him are to be classed among the best examples of their respective masters.

REVIEWS.

THE HISTORY OF THE HOLY CROSS. Reproduced in Facsimile from the Original Edition printed by J. Veldener in 1483. Text and Engravings by J. Ph. BERJEAU. Published by C. J. STEWART, London.

Among the legends of mediæval times, one of the most curious is that of the history of the Holy Cross,

as related by Rufinus of Aquila, once the friend, but afterwards the enemy, of St. Jerome; he died in the early part of the fifth century. The story was turned into verse by an unknown Dutch writer, who, it is supposed, lived a little before the time of Veldener, or was contemporary with him. Caxton's "Golden Legend" treats of the same subject, and in the British Museum are two manuscripts in French, of the thirteenth century, also bearing on it. Veldener's edition formed one of the "block-books" of the



Jews Laying the Holy Tree across a Stream.

period. The copy, which is now reprinted, exists in the valuable library of Earl Spencer; another is in the Royal Library at Brussels; and a third in the collection of Mr. Schinkel, at the Hague: no others, as far as investigation shows, are known to be extant.

How the tree out of which the cross was formed was planted and grew to maturity, how it was cut down by David, how Solomon placed it over the door of the temple, how the Empress Helena discovered the sacred relic after it had done its work on



Jews Burying the Holy Tree.

Calvary, our readers must learn for themselves in this very interesting and curious volume, where the whole history will be found in the original Dutch, in the Latin of Rufinus, in Caxton's version, and in that

of the French manuscripts, placed, as far as they can, in juxtaposition. A version in modern French, and a translation into English, are also appended. The artistic character of Veldener's illustrations,

sixty-four in number, is seen in the examples we have the opportunity of introducing. Whether or not the designs are by Veldener, who was a designer, engraver, and printer, is uncertain, but whoever produced them must have had singular ideas of Art, and especially of what may be called "sacred Art."

A CHRONICLE OF ENGLAND, B.C. 55—A.D. 1485. Written and Illustrated by JAMES E. DOYLE. The Designs engraved and printed in Colours by EDMUND EVANS. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

No critic is justified in condemning a writer who performs what he undertakes to do, though there may be an opinion that if more had been attempted, the author's work would be of greater value. In this spirit must we consider Mr. Doyle's volume, rich in emblazonment within and without. It is not a history, and is not put forth as such: it is a simple but compendious record of events, gathered from sources lying open to every earnest and diligent inquirer. Originally undertaken, as he tells us, during the author's youth, partly as a historic exercise, and partly as a simple and continuous narrative of the principal events of English history, with a view to pictorial illustration, the work has subsequently been revised, and almost entirely re-written. In the compilation of his narrative, Mr. Doyle has consulted the writings of the principal old chroniclers rather than those of the more modern historians, and in a foot-note to each page points out his authorities. His aim throughout seems to have been conciseness of description, yet there is no evidence of meagreness, or of important omissions.

About eighty illustrations are scattered over the pages of the book. These are printed in colours, from drawings by Mr. Doyle. In his artistic character, no less than as a writer, he has done only what he desired to do, namely, "rather to express with clearness the various scenes under description, than to give a series of attractive pictures; and whatever might contribute to the truthfulness of the representation—costume, architecture, local scenery, and other accessories, and even personal portraiture, so far as authorities existed—has been carefully studied." All these points have unquestionably been attended to, and to the extent of accuracy of detail and brilliancy of colour nothing is wanting; but the pictures would have been rendered more "attractive" without losing any of their fidelity, we apprehend, had the drawing of the figures been less conventional and freer. The artist appears to have looked so long and so closely at the mediæval illuminators as to have caught no inconsiderable portion of their dry and formal manner—the only objection that can be made to a series of block-prints, elaborately engraved, richly coloured, and admirably printed by Mr. Evans, to whom the whole typographical execution of this costly volume was entrusted. As a "gift-book" of the season, there is little doubt of its being inquired after. It eminently deserves popularity, not only for its intrinsic merits as a beautiful volume, but because in its matter it goes a step or two beyond what presentation-books usually have been of late years. It is a work of reference for the student of history and archaeology, so far as it goes.

TURNER'S LIBER STUDIUM. Photographed by C. C. BERTOLACCHI. Published by HOGARTH, London.

This famous work of the great landscape-painter has become so scarce, that there are not many Art-lovers who have seen it. To obtain a copy is out of the question to persons of ordinary means. It was published between the years 1807 and 1812, in parts, and consisted of seventy plates, several of which Turner not only etched, but engraved. It is in truth a "Liber Studiorum" which all artists who can will do well to ponder over, and take as a teacher. The subjects are very varied—"pastoral, elegant-pastoral, historical, marine, mountain, and architectural."

Those who find access to the work difficult, yet desire to possess a charming series of examples of landscape Art, may procure very admirable substitutes in these photographic copies. They evidence rare skill; and are exceedingly accurate, giving much of the grace and spirit that characterise the original engravings. The tint is also imitated, and with good effect, the sun having been so trained, aided by some peculiar chemical preparation, as to supply the rich tone of colour that distinguished the prints at their first issue.

Miss Bertolacchi's work consists of four parts, each part containing about eighteen photographs, and a portrait of the painter from Count D'Orsay's sketch. Miss Rogers, whose volume on Palestine has given her a high place in literature, writes the historical introduction and the descriptive letter-press.

We cordially recommend this valuable and interesting work, as one that may occupy an honourable position in any library from which the original production of the great artist is of necessity absent; and we record our thanks to the lady whose persevering energy has with so much masterly ability carried her through a task of labour and of love.

EXPOSITIONS OF GREAT PICTURES. By RICHARD HENRY SMITH, JUN., author of "Expositions of the Cartoons of Raphael." Illustrated by Photographs. Published by JAMES NISBET & CO., London.

It is almost too much to expect that this beautiful little volume will find a sale commensurate with its worth. There are many, indeed, who will gladly possess themselves of it; but this is not an age when the most glorious works of the greatest masters of painting are likely to become popular: men either will not, or cannot, relish them, or pay them the homage of a reverential spirit. Raphael—we adopt Mr. Smith's orthography, not our own—Raphael and Da Vinci, Carracci, and Correggio, are comparatively sealed books to the majority even of educated persons among us; and in the present state of Art-feeling and Art-patronage, we see no hope of enlightening them. Certainly, we cannot share Mr. Smith's conviction "of the revival and the growth of the public interest in sacred Art;" at least, with reference to the old painters.

The success, he tells us—and which it is gratifying to hear—that attended the publication, three years ago, of his "Expositions of the Cartoons of Raphael," has induced him to carry out the same idea with respect to other great works. Thus, he has brought to bear the same intelligent and instructive reading of Raphael's 'Madonna della Seggiola,' and the 'Transfiguration,' Sebastian del Piombo's 'Raising of Lazarus,' Da Vinci's 'Last Supper,' Correggio's 'Ecce Homo, or, the Presentation of Christ to Pilate,' Rubens's 'Descent from the Cross,' Volterra's grand composition of the same subject, and Lord Carlisle's picture, by A. Carracci, of the 'Burial of Christ.' These works have evidently been most carefully studied by the author, who analyses them thoroughly, and describes them at considerable length in a spirit of earnest and full appreciation of their merits, and with a desire to teach others not merely their value as pictures, but the important sacred truths expressed on the different canvases—truths which can only be read by those who seek for something more than form and colour.

The photographic illustrations are taken from early engravings, not from the pictures themselves, some of which, from their age and consequent loss of colour, would come out most inefficiently from the camera. These copies, therefore, reflect the originals of a more favourable time than our own.

THE EMIGRANT'S DEPARTURE. Engraved by F. STACPOOLE. **THE MILK-MAID, and THE ORANGE-GIRL.** Engraved by W. H. SIMMONS, from the Pictures by T. T. FAED, A.R.A. Published by BROOKS & SONS, London.

These three engravings are of a class which the taste of the present day has made popular. The subject of the first has been suggested to Mr. Faed by Moore's song commencing—

"Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken,"

and a pretty picture the artist has made of it. A handsome young Irish girl is standing on the shore of a lake, waiting for the steamboat, which is drawing to shore to bear her away from her native land. Her bonnet is thrown back from the head; in one hand she carries a bundle that seems to hold a portion, at least, of her worldly goods and chattels, and in the other a sprig of shamrock. It is a graceful figure of the "comfortable" peasant class, but the face is sad enough in its beauty and sweetness. The subjects of the other prints, a pair, declare themselves; both of the peripatetic saleswomen are buxom lasses, neither too vulgarised nor too sentimentalised, but pleasant types of their vocation. All three plates are nicely engraved.

These prints are issued by a new house in the "trade," if we are not mistaken. Messrs. Brooks have made a favourable commencement; we hope to see them go on and prosper. We are sadly in want of liberal and enterprising publishers of engravings, and cordially greet Messrs. Brooks with a hope that they will continue as they have begun. Faed holds foremost rank among British artists—a rank to which he is eminently entitled; he appeals almost invariably to the better feelings of our nature; his pictures generally touch the heart. Messrs. Brooks are, therefore, fortunate in publishing these pleasant examples of his works.

LIFE: ITS NATURE, VARIETIES, AND PHENOMENA.

By REV. H. GRINDON, Lecturer on Botany at the Royal School of Medicine, Manchester; Author of "Figurative Language," &c., &c. Third Edition. Published by F. FITMAN, London.

A book which has passed into its third edition, and received, as we find this to have done, most favourable notices from those into whose hands it has come, has almost got beyond the range of criticism; at any rate, is not now likely to be much affected by what subsequent reviewers may write. But, without echoing the opinions of those who have preceded us—for we have only just now received the volume—we must bear testimony to the great ability with which Mr. Grindon has treated a subject of manifest interest and difficulty—one in which are combined the elements of physiology, psychology, poetry, and theology, for each of these has its place in the inner and outer life of man, and helps to make him what he is. The author is a philosopher who investigates closely the mysterious phenomena of the world within us and around us: he is, too, a man of science and a poet; and this latter qualification gives a freshness and a beauty to a subject which, as it does in the hands of some modern German writers, might be made a dry metaphysical description. No one must sit down to read this book unless in a thoughtful, reverent, and inquiring mood. It is one for the student of life in its noblest and most elevated characteristics, not to skim over lightly in order to while away an idle hour; but its perusal cannot fail to make the reader wiser, as it ought to make him better, because it discourses, among others, on "themes so high and beautiful as the attestations of the Divine love expressed in nature."

MICROSCOPIC TEACHINGS. Descriptions of Various Objects of especial Interest and Beauty adapted for Microscopic Observation. Illustrated by the Author's Original Drawings. With directions for the Arrangement of a Microscope, and the Collection and Mounting of Objects. By the HON. MRS. WARD, author of "Telescope Teachings." Published by GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS, London.

Mrs. Ward's optical "teachings" may worthily take its place with the best of those of a kindred character which have come before us. As drawn and coloured by an amateur artist, her specimens of coloured microscopic displays are far beyond average, while they are varied and numerous. Her descriptions, too, are good and simply explained, to adapt them to the young intelligence, yet evincing very considerable scientific knowledge.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS FOR THE YOUNG.

THE great landmark of generosity is the first day of the New Year. The most niggardly, as the day advances, unpadlock their pockets, and there are few children so desolate as not to receive at least one token of affection on the first of January.

There is no gift more welcome than a book, always provided it is adapted to the taste and comprehension of the recipient. Bonbons disappear, toys get broken, but books remain, tokens of cordiality and good will; and as one year after another passes away, and the "child," no longer, is playing its part in the great game of life, we all know what memories and emotions are gathered round us by the sight of some "new year's gift," whose "giver" has perhaps been long called "home."

We still love to receive and bestow these yearly tokens of good will, and the old house at "the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard" keeps up its character with the young of the present day, whose taste is more utilitarian than was ours, when first we estimated books of a smaller size and more imaginative character, than the general run of our youngsters would care for.

Messrs. GRIFFITH AND FARREN send their books out in strong if not enduring bindings, and the illustrations are all true to the incident, and of more than average excellence.

The first of the volumes that form a slightly "heap" on our table is called **LUKE ASHLIGH; OR, SCHOOL LIFE IN HOLLAND.** The tale is by Mr. Elwes, and the clever illustrations by G. du Maurier. We do not exactly see why children should be sent to school in Holland; the language is by no means universal, and the humidity of the climate not in keeping with

our ideas of health. However, we believe that this is really the first work that treats of the life and amusements of our worthy and respected neighbours the Dutch, and this gives the vigour and freshness that has interested us from the first page to the last. The book will be a grand favourite with schoolboys, and, if we mistake not, set many upon stilts.

OUR BIRTHDAYS, AND HOW TO IMPROVE THEM, is by Emma Davenport, whose pretty book of "Live Toys" afforded us much pleasure last year. She suggests in this graceful story a method by which much happiness might be secured to a pure-minded and generous-hearted child. Such a one could not have a pleasanter gift than this very story, though we fear that the number of children who feel it pleasanter to give than to receive are by no means the majority of the young.

Mrs. Henry Wood, who has achieved high popularity as an author of fiction, in these our days, without gilding vice, or making her tales subservient to "sensational," has written a vigorous, yet pathetic, story for boys, called **WILLIAM ALLAIR; OR, RUNNING AWAY TO SEA.** Those who remember "The Channings," will at once believe what a charming tale Mrs. Henry Wood has created in "William Allair." As in all stories written for a purpose, that very "purpose" fetters the writer's pen, but the tale is steadily borne on to the end, and the incidents are natural and interesting; the boys and girls are creatures of flesh and blood, not immaculate ideas, that never could have existed. We never analyse or outline a tale, but we must confess that the only really sound and sensible parent of the lot (always excepting Mr. Vane) was Gruff Jones's father. If a boy will go to sea, let him, by all means; set him before the mast at first, and let him "rough it." If he gets weary of this sea-dog life, let him come home, and he will be a better member of society ever after—contented, instead of discontented, having evidently not had the right "vocation" for the sea. If he can "rough it," without being worn and weary, then he is fit for the heroic life of a sea king, which is one we are bound to honour and encourage, though we would not countenance boys "running away to sea," or to anything their parents disapproved; but the parent is wisest who, when the boy is of an age to choose, lets him choose—forced service is never prosperous. "William Allair" will be a favourite with boys and girls, though intended for the former; but girls take as much delight as boys in "The Channings." Such books renew our youth, and we earnestly bless their creators.

TINY STORIES FOR TINY READERS IN TINY WORDS is a volume of tales in words of two syllables, that will be the delight of the nursery; and when we add that it is illustrated by Harrison Weir, what can we say more? except that these "Tiny Stories" have been concocted by the author of "Meadow Lea."

HISTORICAL TALES OF LANCASTRIAN TIMES, by the Rev. H. P. Dunster, illustrated by our old friend John Franklin (who still loves the glaive and shield, and delights in the belted knight), is a fireside book that will interest old and young, having much of the spirit of old romance—in some of the tales. The author has chosen a period when the history of England is so much mixed up with that of France, during the reigns of the three kings of the house of Lancaster, that these tales will be found to illustrate the history, as well as the manners and customs, of both countries. The volume contains twelve tales, and a number of historical notes, which, to our taste, greatly militate against the interest of fiction. We like to feel that what we read is true, not merely "founded" on truth. Mr. Dunster has taken great pains to combine fact with fiction; our only fear is that his readers will not relish history, after his highly-seasoned romances.

There are no more delightful books for the young than those half-rural, half-domestic pictures of English home life that come to us occasionally, laden with the fragrance of spring and summer, and breathing the freshness of English landscape. **THE HAPPY HOME,** by Henrietta Lushington, is a very pleasant specimen of this class of book, which is especially cherished by town-bred children.

We are sorry to be obliged to condemn the bad taste of **NURSERY NONSENSE.** Those sort of rhymes and their illustrations have always a tendency to cast ridicule upon old age. Some of Mr. Bennett's illustrations are very clever. The French weasel, who taught the English weasels to dance, is particularly happy, though the face resembles a fox more than a weasel; and the Weather Witch on her bellows is another, full of quaint expression.

THE FLORAL GIFT, an illuminated souvenir, is fit for a lady's boudoir. The poetry is well chosen and varied, and the illumination delicate and appropriate. No better offering for a birthday or the opening year could be presented to young or old.